

# Collier's

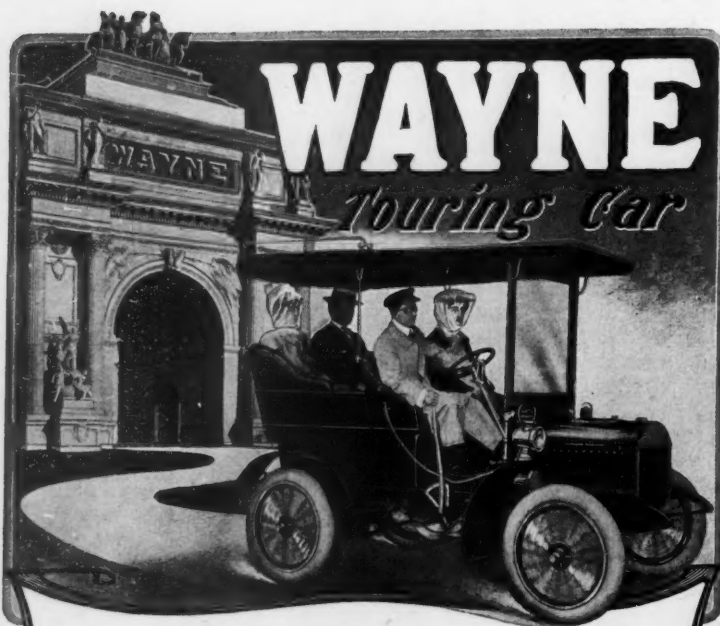
August 20, 1904



*The  
Advance on  
LIAO-YANG  
by  
Frederick Palmer  
in this number.*

VOL. XXXIII NO. 34

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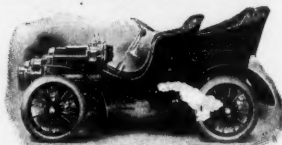
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# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1904



## FIELD-MARSHAL MARQUIS OYAMA AND HIS FAMILY

Field-Marshal Oyama is a hero of many wars. He is a native of the Satsuma Province, and was commander-in-chief of the Imperial army in the war of restoration. He has been Minister of War a number of times, and in the war with China he acted as commander-in-chief of the second army corps. He landed at Takushan and fought his way to Port Arthur in twenty days. He captured Port Arthur by assault the night after his arrival before its walls. He is one of the Japanese Elder Statesmen, and, with Marquis Yamagata, deserves the credit for the present development and efficiency of the Japanese army. At the outbreak of the war with Russia, he was appointed chief of staff; and, now that the various army corps have taken their allotted positions in Manchuria, he is ordered to the front to take command of all the Mikado's forces in the field. This photograph was taken on the eve of his departure from Tokio. On his right stands his wife, the Marchioness Oyama, who is a graduate of Vassar College. She was one of the first Japanese girls to come to America to be educated. On his left stands his daughter, Lady Hisako Oyama, and in the background are his two sons

STEREOGRAPH BY H. G. FORTING. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY H. C. WHITE CO., N. Y.



**I**NDEPENDENCE MEANS TO MANY an absence of opinion on every debated topic, or, as EMERSON has put it, a mush of concessions. We may avoid offence by confining our expressions to a well-established lot: Be good and you will be happy; honesty is the best policy; this is a great country; murder will out. Once pass beyond this brand of thought, and independence involves disagreement. As the campaign progresses we receive sharper and sharper epistles from our subscribers accusing us of ceasing to hold our non-partisan stand. A statesman from the Michigan Legislature quotes our opinion that the Republicans and the President are wronging the South, and observes, with reserved irony, that the reasons for such a judgment would possess news value to impartial readers. By the same mail comes a screed from Mississippi, about the selfsame editorial, as follows: "I took your paper because it is said that it was a non-partisan journal, but I notice an article in it where you cry down a high tone intelligent *white* man (Capt. HOBSON), and uphold a Coper colored negro BOOKER WASHINGTON. It does seem in the face of almost a race war between the whites and blacks, in North and South, there are a few *crazy fools* still pushing the work along. The solid South warn the Republican party now that it is a dangerous thing, to elect such a man as

#### MEANING OF INDEPENDENCE

ROOSEVELT, as it will bring about a race war. The election of ALTON BROOKS PARKER will bring about peace to the Republican and the Democratic parties.

We have had it preached to us since the Civil war that there was no North nor South, that we were all one united, loving people, but when we have a mere cow boy as President of this republic that is bitterly, resentfully, aiding and abetting, the social equality of the two distinct races, the South will never submit to such a state of affairs. It was a misfortune for MCKINLEY to be killed and ROOSEVELT is the *tail* end of that misfortune. He is better fitted for the jungles of South Africa than for President of this Republic." Our readers ought to understand that non-partisan does not mean void of opinion. Although we might in one sense be called Democratic, being more in accord with the principles of JEFFERSON than with the principles of HAMILTON, we think that, taking Mr. ROOSEVELT's record altogether, he and his Cabinet have given a good administration, and we shall say so. We think also that he and his party have wronged the South in flaunting the negro question to please negro voters in Indiana, New Jersey, and New York, and shall say that also. On many debated questions of the day this newspaper has, and will express, convictions. On others it has none, and will say so. It is a long time before election, and we hope our readers will keep as cool as they are able. The country will not suffer extinction, no matter who next sits in state at Washington.

**W**HEN WE WERE YOUNG most Republicans in the North deemed it a shame that the negroes were kept from carrying Southern States. MALONE was a hero, CABOT LODGE's force bill represented Northern feeling, and the bloody shirt was the banner of our faith. At the end of MCKINLEY's Administration those days seemed past, and North and South seemed a single country. We heard an intelligent Northern Republican declare the other day that he should vote for PARKER on this ground alone. "Mr. ROOSEVELT," he said, "has been better in most ways than his party, and his party is my party. He has unearthed corruption, he has been fair to capital and labor, he has thrown his weight for justice to Cuba and the Philippines, and I am not much worried about a few lapses in machine

#### NEGRO VOTES

politics, about his bad taste, or about his foreign gymnastics. The one thing I shall not pardon is his being willing to give new life to a blight upon the South; for the South is my country also." Many representative Southerners have spoken of MCKINLEY's death as a frightful calamity to the Southern people, and the Democratic nominee for Vice-President had chosen the Republican treatment of the negro as the most living issue before he decided, for some reason, to have the question ignored in the West Virginia platform. By the last census the negroes of voting age numbered in New York almost 30,000, in New Jersey 21,240, in Indiana 18,149. These States are the most important, in calculating the negro vote; but in California the number is 3,413, in Delaware 8,354, in West Virginia 14,774, in Maryland 60,208. In no one of these States did the Republican majority in the State elections of 1902 equal the number of negroes of voting age. It is a profound misfortune that the negro problem can not be kept out of national politics.

**T**HE PRESIDENT'S POLITICAL ASSOCIATES, on the other

hand, seem to us to form an unpromising point of attack, especially when we consider by whom Judge PARKER was chosen and handed out to the people as the Democratic nominee. It was a person very high in office who remarked in private recently, "You can not pound politics into a politician's head," by which he meant that scheming and strategy and estimating votes in this district and that were poor ways of actually getting at the people. The President understands politics in the real sense. As, unlike MCKINLEY, CLEVELAND, and PARKER, he has had no HANNA, WHITNEY, or HILL, he has too often taken a hand himself, but not usually in a bad way, when we consider the temptation.

Have there been compromises of principle greater than what the above-named experts have made for the men whose fortunes they engineered? The Republican Convention at Chicago presented the truly remarkable sight of a body of politicians nominating and eulogizing a man whom they detested. Almost any obscure politician would have been to them a welcome substitute, and in many headquarters no secret was made of how reluctantly the dose was swallowed. The people had chosen and the politicians had to bow. Mr. ROOSEVELT, like any President, must have dealings with the professional politicians. The only serious fear is that he should give them more instead of less as time goes on. If his influence should be thrown for BLACK or ODELL for the Senate, for instance, in exchange for the nomination of Mr. ROOT for the Governorship, the deal would be one which we should bitterly condemn.

#### MACHINE POLITICS

**T**HE PRECEDING PARAGRAPH IS ONE calculated—or rather

not calculated, but likely—to receive only contempt in Louisville, Kentucky. Louisville, Kentucky, has the fortune to be the home of an oracle which works with impetuosity and with out cessation, and turns out in a month a larger volume of unclear but highly colored wisdom than proceeded from Delphi in the entire history of Greece. Colonel WATTERSON is a prophet, a seer, a python, an aruspex, a fountain of eloquence, and a joy forever. Many men are logical; thousands have clearness of measure; but no journalist living to-day gets as much excitation into his pen as the good Colonel gets every day without effort into his. His style is gusty and full of whirling

#### TRIBUTE TO A JOURNALIST

leaves. His thought is never pale. When he takes up his brickbats, and turns his attention to "Teddy" or the Smart Set, everybody is delighted, even those who are the target. Personally we enjoy more keenly being sworn at by the Colonel than being praised by other writers. He is happy himself, and the cause of happiness in other men. He never made a half-way statement. He never failed to call a spade a damned shovel. He keeps us awake. He makes life richer. He is gay, buoyant, inspiring. Why ask him what he means? He furnishes so much that to demand precision in addition would be to show but sorry gratitude to a prodigal nature. We celebrate the Colonel. May he live and prosper. It is rare to find a newspaper writer whose disappearance would leave a gap.

**N**OW THAT WE HAVE DESCRIBED this ornament to jour-

nalism, we proceed in sorrow to admit how poor in his opinion are we. As far as we can parse the first sentence of a recent editorial, he thinks we could pass neither for literary among men of the world nor for worldly among men of letters. He finds our conversation "tall," whatever that may be. We quote: "What may be the differential equation between a protoplasmic octagon and a diaphanous cataclysm?" says Mr. MERRIMAN in the vaudeville stunt. "That," replies the Crushed Tragedian, with a haughty smile, "that is too dead easy, and I refuse to be annoyed." Obviously, the editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY has studied the literature of the roof-gar-

#### ONCE MORE UN-TO THE BREACH

dens. Yet, though all right in the matter of evasion, he misses equally the homely humor and practical wisdom of those elevated schools of political instruction." This is because we said no proof was needed that Mr. ROOSEVELT might have negotiations with ADDICKS without being quite as bad as ADDICKS, just as Mr. CLEVELAND might write eulogies of Tammany without being as bad as CROKER, or Mr. MCKINLEY might work harmoniously with the worst men in his party. The Colonel, on the contrary, holds up ADDICKS and QUAY as "the President's guides, philosophers, and friends. They are his main reliance." Fancy! "Are we to understand that birds of a feather no longer flock together?" Colonel, beware of proverbs





We have seen Cochin Chinas and Seabright Bantams drinking from the same chicken trough. The "Courier-Journal" says that our fancy runs much in excess of our skill. "It needs to be tempered by a trifle of common-sense, if not restrained by a modicum of common honesty." Tut, tut, we are not so bad, merely because we suggested that the "Courier-Journal" massed Republicans too evenly as villains, without recognizing their degrees of villany: "When your literary hebdomadal person gets to dabbling in politics, there is no prophesying, as there is no limiting, his parts of speech." Who can stand against so plausible a charge as "literary hebdomadal person"? We may forget the topic in debate, but in vocabulary the Colonel is invincible.

THE INTEREST OF MORAL QUESTIONS, added to the interest of uncertainty, has focused a great deal of attention upon Wisconsin, where the limelight rests constantly upon the leading actor, Governor LA FOLLETTE. Among his opponents, the most liberal in spirit base their opposition not upon what he stands for, but upon what they suppose he is. A clever politician, in their view, unscrupulous and full of tricks, he has been shrewd enough to see the importance of taking moral objects as his strategic positions. Ostensibly the foe of party politics, he is, his enemies tell us, building up a regular machine himself and running it with precisely the same methods of reward for personal service, and for other value received, that mark the other organizations. "He is not like Folk," one Wisconsin Republican explains. "In Missouri they have an honest man doing his duty, and politics are incidental. In Wisconsin we have a shrewd gamester in a studied moral pose." His popularity is certainly not personal. It is due to the issues which he has raised. A prominent Western politician tells us

GOVERNOR  
LA FOLLETTE

that he dislikes the Governor intensely, but thinks his is the cause to support. "LA FOLLETTE is sincere in his beliefs," he says. "His personal motives are irrelevant. He has done some things which he ought not to have done, but he stands for justice, for democratic equality, and for every reasonable device for its promotion." The three railroads which control Wisconsin, two of them Standard Oil properties, are naturally in fierce opposition to LA FOLLETTE, since he wishes them to pay their just share of taxation, and the amount of money which can be raised to defeat the Governor is enormous. The Stalwarts have lost heart, however, even those who were formerly leaders in the movement against LA FOLLETTE, and wish they could safely abandon their position. The Democrats are hopeful. If two Republican tickets are in the field they see a chance. Ex-Governor PECK, one of their probabilities for the nomination, made so good a Governor that thousands of Republicans helped him to a second term. BURR JONES, the other Democratic probability, is a lawyer of repute whose principles are in accord with those upheld by LA FOLLETTE. The Governor could easily beat any Democratic rival, were the Republicans not divided, and a way for the Stalwart faction to save its face without endangering the party's victory may still be found. We are reading every day speculations on whether "Mr. MURPHY" is to be allowed by Judge PARKER to name the Democratic nominee for Governor of New York. As long as this system of selecting the people's servants continues in vogue, the principles of a man like LA FOLLETTE will be the most living issues. And we may add here, in response to many inquiries, that we give more serious attention to all these little developments than we do to any letter written by a politician to a journalist who was working for his nomination and is now working for his election.

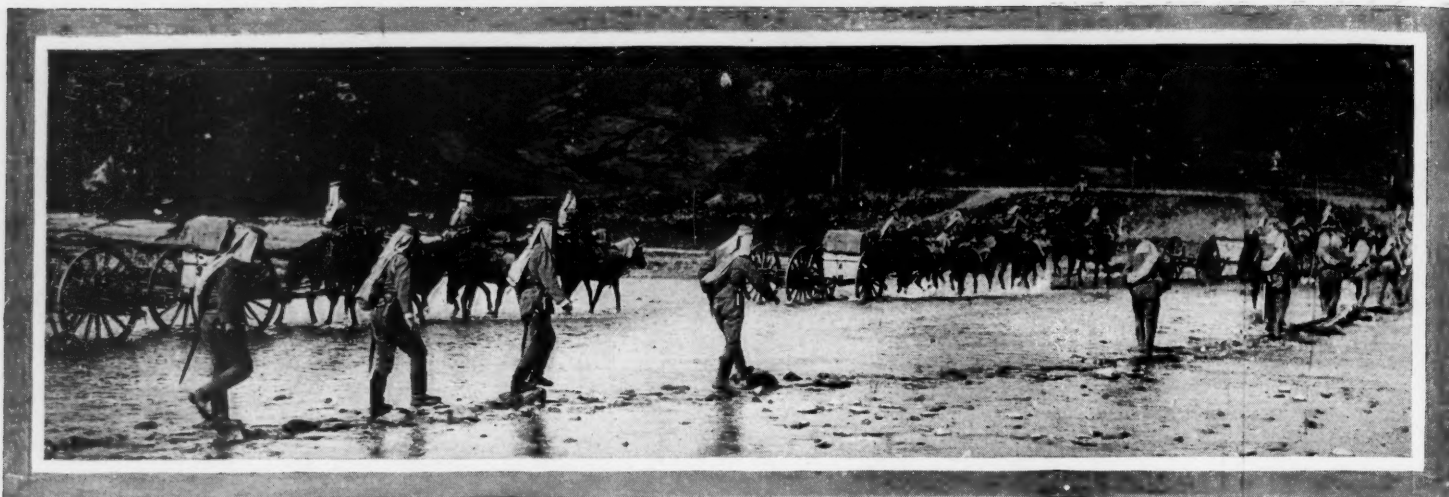
APATHY IS NOT SO BAD. We sometimes wish there was a little more of it; that is to say, a little more quiet attention to ordinary affairs, a little more interest in all the things of attraction and importance which tend to be submerged during a political campaign as during the opening stages of a war. One of the most popular writers in America, whose periodic essays were being syndicated, was rather surprised to find that most of the newspapers preferred non-political topics. The very fact that interest was centred in politics acted as a sort of bullying force, destroying that variety which means not only spice, but also real freedom of opportunity in thought and reading. The political concentration acts as majority rule occasionally does, crushing out the multi-form ideals which represent the differences rather than the agreements of mankind. A reader, canceling his subscription, calls us "the rankest Democratic organ on the continent." We are

not that, but the fundamental original idea of the Jeffersonian party, to let each man grow according to his nature, seems to us a profound and healthy one. WALT WHITMAN spoke of "the idea of perfect and free individuals, the idea of These States." When we read, therefore, of political apathy, we wonder if, instead of indifference to politics, it is not a normal preoccupation with other things, ranging from crops to Dr. CONAN DOYLE. We have a certain admiration for the Western newspaper which has printed the following announcement: "We shall vote for PARKER. ROOSEVELT will be elected. It will take six figures to write his majority in Kansas. This is our individual opinion and this is the first, last, and only mention of the matter in these columns." Baseball, in various localities, is said to be interfering with the size of the spellbinders' audiences, and a rumor narrates that, by way of compromise, games may be opened with a few words on the issues of the day. General Apathy, however, it is confidently predicted, will play a smaller part in October than he enjoys to-day. The voice of the spell-binder will then be the only noise that competes with the noise of the trolleys and the singing of the birds.

WHAT CONSTITUTES OLD AGE has been made a topic of discussion by the able way in which the importance of Mr. DAVIS's years was pointed out by ELIHU ROOT. Mr. ROOT takes up no subject which he does not handle with rare force. Nobody knows what Judge PARKER's views are about the kind of man whom, if elected, he would prefer for Secretary of State. The fact that Judge PARKER and the man who secured his nomination have been political associates for a score of years, makes everybody consider Mr. HILL a strong possibility, and if he were Secretary of State he would probably have a better chance of becoming President than Mr. DAVIS would. The country would feel very comfortable if Mr. HAY were put by accident at the head of the Government, but it would not always be satisfied to have an appointee of the President converted into his successor. Eighty-one, therefore, is an advanced OLD AGE age for an official whose most important function is to be ready to act as President in such an emergency as has met three Presidents in forty years. It is old age, indeed, for any function in life, for although youth is nowadays taking ground from middle life, and middle life from age, nobody yet goes so far as to treat eighty-one as anything but old. The Delaware and Hudson Railway has issued an order that men over thirty-five shall not be taken as workmen into the company's employ. Most soldiers look like boys to many of us who imagine ourselves still young. As somebody has said, the Civil War was fought by boys. All of us, beyond a certain line, are interested in what is to be called old age, and Mr. ROOT has brought the whole subject out of the closet and made it a topic of the day.

MR. ROCKEFELLER HAS DONE SOMETHING that arouses general approval and sympathy. One may not care for his usual mixture of business methods, piety, and philanthropy, and yet may respond sympathetically to one of his latest charities because it springs from the heart. His little grandson died of dysentery. Mr. ROCKEFELLER then founded an institution, to be devoted to medical research, because he understood that the disease of which his grandchild died was of germ origin, and he hoped that men of science might discover the germ and modes of cure or prevention. Plans have now been filed, and it is announced that the institution is to be the most elaborate of its kind in the world. It will undoubtedly be as extensive and complete as the present state of medical science makes possible. As mortality among children in New York has been unusually large this summer, the first step toward executing Mr. ROCKEFELLER's project comes at an auspicious time. Charity and education are on a different footing as far as receiving gifts is concerned. The business of an educational institution is to educate, and it may be plausibly maintained that for a college to refuse money which had been made by notorious immorality would be the best education for the students and the public, not to mention the question of what effect such gifts have upon the teaching of professors. But in charity no such questions arise. Charity is, and always has been, a proper subject for gifts of penitence, especially when it is practiced quietly; and charity which springs from sympathy and suffering, like Mr. ROCKEFELLER's latest institution, is human nature on one of its fairest sides.

CHARITY AND  
EMOTION



THE ARTILLERY MOVING OUT OF FENG-WANG-CHENG, CROSSING THE SO RIVER ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 24

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HALL, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ACCOMPANYING THE JAPANESE FIRST ARMY. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

## THE ADVANCE UPON LIAO-YANG

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's War Correspondent accompanying the Japanese First Army

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KANSAUTIENTSZ, MANCHURIA, June 27  
**C**ONVERGING columns must wait each upon the progress of the others to the tune of the master's plans. The commander of the central column said last night that we should wait here during to-day. This column follows the Peking Road through the Motienling Pass, which is the Thermopylae between Feng-Wang-Cheng and Liao-Yang. Another follows parallel wagon paths to the north, and the third parallel wagon paths to the south. Beyond this, the whole of Kuroki's army, are other Japanese armies stretching to the railroad itself and barring the sea from the Russians with practically an intact line of bayonets. Drawn toward the centre, the forces of either side which have fought in isolated battles will be united. Soon Kuropatkin must face the test; soon we shall fight as a whole. While you prick off the movement of each column on a map at home, one observer casts his lot presently with the central column.

For six weeks we waited at Feng-Wang-Cheng, counting the days till the beginning of the rainy season, from which all time in the East is reckoned. The Chinese calendar sets the date as July 10. Were we not to go to Liao-Yang after all? In the stagnation of an army in the field in camp, which the contrast of the nervous excitement of an army in movement makes the more deadening, the correspondent waited, knowing only that, once the downpour began, movement was possible only to an army of herculean energy. The flash of information that was our deliverance came like the flash of lightning out of a blue sky, as it always does from the armor-clad secrecy of military staffs. With it came all details, too, as usual. The precise hour was named when the division headquarters would pass the grove where I had become as settled in my tent as in a manor house. It is dawn at four, and soon after we heard the tread of infantry and the clank of their accoutrements. At eight on the morning of the 24th, to be exact—just at eight to the minute announced—General Nishi, riding as the point of the wedge with his staff behind him, made an interval of isolation in a division's passing.

### A Strange Caravan

Behind the staff were some strange-looking men, indeed, such as Marco Polo never described in his travels. They rode big geldings, suitably provided by the Government, and they were big themselves, and though clad in different habits, they seemed to have been poured out of the same mold. Only the keenest slant-eyed observers could have seen that they might speak different languages and come from different lands. Their distinction from the thousands of soldiery and the Chinese (who were hoeing the corn which they were just planting when we came to Feng-Wang-Cheng) quite sunk any distinction of one from another. They had straight eyes and white faces, and their eyes were not black. The military attachés and the correspondents are the albinos of the army. More than one private who saw them pass wondered what they were doing riding with the General. Let them appear on the line of outposts and they would be taken for Russians. Only yesterday an English-speaking Japanese said to me that he could not tell one European from another; that he had heard that either nationality could tell an Englishman from an American almost at a glance, and he asked me if it were true. Therein lies an excuse for,

if not an explanation of, why neither correspondents nor military attachés are allowed more freedom of movement. To bring the comparison home, if the average American officer, let alone outpost, could not distinguish a Japanese from a Chinese or a Korean, with hair cut the same way and wearing much the same kind of clothes, he would take no risks on the strength of his judgment. So the attachés ride behind the staff and the correspondents behind the attachés, and they are the most curious thing about this army to the army itself.

Two or three miles out of Feng-Wang-Cheng, on the bank of the river, a guard of cavalry was drawn up. This, the General's escort, completed the formation of the headquarters party, whose pace was that of the in-

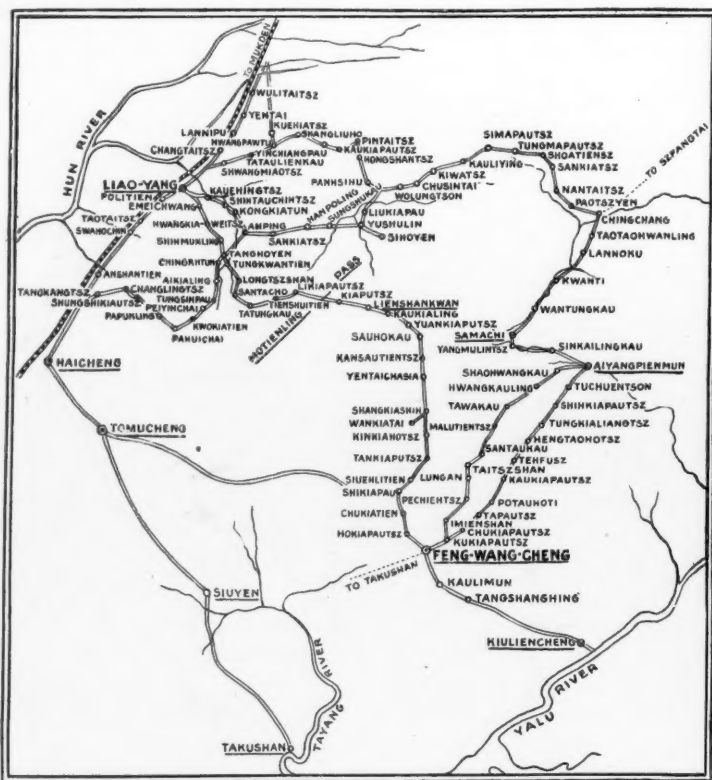
When we had gone over the highest of the hills which hold Feng-Wang-Cheng in their lap, we left the made roads and came again to the old Peking Road. Our course wound with the valley made by the stream, which we were always fording. And as the course wound so wound the column and their transport. On either hand were mountains, ever mountains, pyramidal, sugar-loafed, terraced, thick with trees, untouched by art except where the Chinese had carried their tillage patches from the fertile valley up the slopes. An army with guns would be almost as helpless off that road as a fish out of water. The one sign of human presence we saw on the heights was a spot where the trees had been leveled and a signal staff told of a Russian lookout. In front of the General was the advance guard, and behind, as ahead, the road was as thick with soldiers as the hills with trees. In that streak of humanity, with its canopy of dust, the only persons that rode alone were the General himself and an officer astride a kicking horse. Until you see them in column, you do not realize what a big force they are, and until you see their transport you do not realize what a lot they eat; and until you have ridden all day at the rate of arduously marching men you do not realize what the pleasure of riding at will is.

### The Army's Progress

No stream ever followed its course more closely than we this old highway. There was only one channel for the current of khaki shoulders. In the fields always were the scattered blue-blossomed Chinese workmen. Elderly women—I saw no young ones—were weeding their gardens in the groups of houses dignified with a name on the map where the farming folk live. (Those who think of all China as overcrowded must overlook Manchuria, which is sparsely settled.) The local population had seen the Russians go away a few hours before; they may have had to take cover while there was an exchange of shots. If so, there was time wasted, and they must work that much harder to make up for it. They did not take the trouble to look up at the thousands of madmen who, according to their thinking, were chasing thousands of other madmen playing at a madman's game. The General was only a mounted man to them. A runner on a bicycle interested them far more. Their industry added to the aspect of peace produced by the still virgin hills.

The earnestness with which everything in the column's progress was done alone bespoke the fact that we were not on a route march. Always we were hearing of the Russians just ahead. The first sign we had of their existence was on the second day, when we saw on a knoll half a dozen big, blond-haired men in gray caps. These were a "point" that had been betrayed into the arms of Japanese scouts by a false Chinese guide, I was told. They had every right to be bored, every Japanese surgeon who passed stopping to offer them some attention. We passed one other wounded Russian in one of the springless bolting Chinese carts. He had been shot in his head, which he rested on a pile of sacks under the broiling sun. He looked up at our Caucasian faces quizzically, as if wondering how we could be going in the opposite direction when we had been captured, too.

But I set out to write of a march, not of bloodshed (of which there was none of account)—a march that went like clockwork. Five-sixths of the thought of staffs is centred upon getting a soldier rapidly along a



MAP OF THE FIELD OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST JAPANESE ARMY

After the crossing of the Yalu River and the battle of Kiuliencheng early in May, General Kuroki moved immediately on to Feng-Wang-Cheng, where he established a base. On June 24 this Japanese first army began its forward movement against Liao-Yang. The troops followed the old Peking Road and reached Kansautientsz June 25. From there Mr. Palmer sent the present article. The army then moved on Lienshankwan, which is half-way to the Motienling Pass. The Russians tried to recapture this pass on July 4 and again on July 17. Mr. Palmer sends a cable account of the latter action, which is printed on page 8

fantry. All the first morning we were within the zone of Japanese occupation. The period of waiting had had no idle moments for the engineers, who went to their work every day with the regularity of mortar carriers. The heights beyond the town were seamed with trenches and cut with roads for the artillery. Not one has been required in action. It was not thought that they ever would be. Their value was "moral." They made fifty thousand men as good as a hundred thousand men for defence, and they held safe on Kuropatkin's flank an army which could be thrown into his rear the moment that he should advance with his whole force to the relief of Port Arthur. He advanced with part, with a result that we all know.





#### A RUSSIAN OUTPOST CAPTURED BY JAPANESE CAVALRY SCOUTS

These men were a "point" belonging to a Russian party of observation, and fairly walked into the arms of General Kuroki's advance guard. The Japanese are always kind to their prisoners. The picture shows a trooper holding a match to a prisoner's cigarette while the officers are questioning their captives and examining their papers



#### MARCHING AWAY FROM FENG-WANG-CHENG OVER A BRIDGE BUILT BY THE PIONEER CORPS

While waiting at Feng-Wang-Cheng after the crossing of the Yalu, the Japanese devoted much of their time to the construction of bridges and military roads to facilitate the moving of artillery and the transport train when the moment for the general advance against the Russian positions in northern Manchuria should come. Until the army's arrival no other highway than the old Peking Road existed in that part of Asia. For centuries it had been traveled by the pack trains bearing Korea's tribute to the Chinese Emperor. But now a number of good military roads lead out from it in several directions, and the streams are bridged for a distance of many miles. These roads and bridges were a part of the First Army's preparation for defence in case it should be attacked as a detail before the Japanese forces as a whole were prepared for an advance upon Liao-Yang. The roads were of course never needed for this purpose, and the staff never believed that they would be, but the moral effect on the troops was excellent

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARR, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ATTACHED TO GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

highway, with sufficient food and ammunition. The weight of his pack, how it should be adjusted, how to keep up his spirits in the face of fatigue, the minimum bulk of food which will give him nourishment—these were the subject of military councils long before the time of Caesar. The soldier of every country has his peculiar prejudices and his peculiar habits. The Japanese soldier carries only forty pounds, as against sixty for the soldiers of other countries. Yet in height the Second Division, drawn from the north, where the climate is severe and the human product that survives is sturdy, would compare favorably with the height of many Continental and even many English regiments, while in actual carrying capacity they are probably the superior. Besides, height is not everything. The Japanese soldier is never weedy. He is built on the square; he is a buttress instead of a pole.

His only prejudice is in favor of teapots. These he gathers by the way; he is loath also to give up a certain type of enameled cup purchasable in Feng-Wang-Cheng. He not only carries his forty pounds to the end of the march, but the end of the march finds him in line. Out of the whole division I did not see a hundred stragglers on any day.

The march was not speedy. We did not make more than half the distance in a day of some of the famous route marches of famous Continental armies. But the Continental conscript has a macadamized road, while such a sun as that which makes the corn grow in a Manchurian valley is unknown. This army is not doing a few days' show practice. It marched over the icy roads of Korea in February, and has been under marching conditions ever since, and keeping its health. In all weathers it must go on, with its nerve steady at any moment for the shock of battle, not for the blank volleys of a manoeuvre. The Orientals excel all rivals in their refusal to attempt the impossible. They do not depend upon "chance" or upon "dashes." They can keep to a programme because they know all limitations, and they leave nothing to sporadic efforts. Every column and every officer is a part of the quiet whole. All is team play, nothing is for any gallery, unless it is the international gallery. A common efficiency permits the head to know precisely what each part can do under certain conditions. With this is coupled the absolute certainty that no Japanese line will retreat while it has a third of its men standing. As no corps, no division, no regiment, stands out with the conspicuousness common in other lands, so does no general. The private is a private; the officer an officer, impersonal.

The common enemy of the three days has been the Manchurian sun; the shots of the parties of observation no more than fleabites. To beat the sun you must rise early. On the second morning, when we moved out of Siuehlitien, having slept in the open with the heavy dew on our faces, the hour set was 5:50.

"Why not six?" an Anglo-Saxon asked. "This is cutting it as fine as the four-dollar-ninety-nine cent bargain at a department store."

There was no affectation about this precision. It was a part of the system. At 5:50 in the fields beyond the town, with the air still thick with dew, and the mountains shrouded in mist, we found the regiments and the guns, with every last part of the equipment of thousands of men, complete and ready as those of an intricate machine.

#### The Second Day's March

The foreigners presented themselves to the General—the General neat and polite—who responded with the Japanese smile, and then we mounted and fell in behind him and the appointed regiment. In an hour the town was as clean of the army as if it had never been there, except for the armed guard of the transporters' corps.

As we moved over the winding road through the mountains, I saw the one thing of the three days which did not seem a part of the programme. In some other armies, in a march through the enemy's country, it

would have been one of many little "breaks" regarded as inevitable, here it was as prominent as missing his lines by an old actor in a familiar part.

Some of the transporters had taken their carts forward into the line of the infantry's march. One of these was overturned. I wondered if the infantrymen, with a "What the devil are you doing up here?" had not done the trick in a moment of exasperation. If they had, the transporters would only have smiled in answer to the question. They were smiling, anyway. If the whole army were routed what remained would smile. But the smile would not be that of carelessness, for all the "broken bits" would be studiously gathered in.

#### Plenty of Shade and Water

These mornings in the mountains always make you think that you are to have an overcast day. Until the sun breaks through, quickly dispelling all vapors and illusions—then is the day's glorious interval for march-



GENERAL NISHI AND HIS STAFF DURING A HALT ON THE MARCH

ing. Toward noon, when we stop for an hour, the marches are shorter, the rests longer. Nippon Denji, the man of Japan, has then eaten all the rice cooked in the company boilers, and the rations of meat and fish supplied him the night before, and with "Break ranks" he rushes to the water, where he washes his pannikin and the little piece of toweling which he always carries, and then wipes the dust from his face and neck. At other times he stacks his rifle and drops his kit and runs to shade, flopping himself down on the cool ground like a seal into water. The joy of this war march thus far is that there is always shade and always water. The So River, which we crossed and recrossed, is always fordable and is fed by mountain springs.

Our twelve miles a day has been made, too, with all baggage keeping pace, and with the advance sending the enemy before it, and always prepared—this solid line of men on the road with hospital corps and ammunition ponies bringing up the rear—to attack in force should the enemy make a stand. It was eleven when we came into Kansautientsz yesterday under a sun that was like the open lid of a furnace. A regiment of infantry, that had passed many great fields of young beans without thought of wasting the energy to set foot on them, settled down in a field now, illustrating to the owner how thoroughly in most cases chance entirely rules the fortunes of war. In half an hour this field was trodden down as hard as a tennis court.

The General himself did not know whether or not we were going to move any further that day, but the men must be in organization and ready, heat or no heat. A soldier is not a veteran until he learns to make the most of any conditions. So the infantrymen brought branches from the trees, making the field look like a

young grove. When the artillery came up, the gunners did the same, but kept their horses hitched. At four came the word, from the authority which was looking toward the progress of all columns, that we should be here for two days. The groves fell, and the infantrymen marched to the right and left to encamp in ravines. Then the whole army, including correspondents, settled down for the afternoon to wait for the transportation to come up.

The transportation is always behind the guns—the precious guns—force going before the provender when there is an enemy in sight. Thus the advance may arrive at noon and get its dinner at seven. If there is a fight, no one will be thinking of food, and seven will be ample time. With no fight, what is there for a correspondent to do on an empty stomach but lie in the shade and think of the simmer in the pan of the bacon which first went to Chicago from Nebraska and then all the way to Manchuria in a yellow sack, which you may pack on pony or cart through the dust, with never a germ disturbing the fatty—oh, too fatty—inside.

To-day the army is washing, the surface of the river is oily with soap worshipfully and vigorously applied. The bushes are hung with garments yesterday steeped in the sweat of conquest. The privileged few who can "rustle" native caldrons will get hot baths—that supreme luxury which every Japanese has daily at home—which means to him what jam does to an Englishman, sauerkraut to a German, and pie to an American when struggling over roads in pursuit of armed men in a strange land.

To-morrow Nippon Denji will stroll about camp as fresh as a daisy. He will look in at my tent door, and watch the strange being with blond hair and big nose who is writing about his exploits. He is bearable even in his curiosity because he is quite the cleanest soldier in the world.

P. S.—June 28.—Nippon Denji did little strolling to-day, for it came on to rain as hard as the sun shone yesterday. The dry bed of the So became a channel for a torrent, and the soil of the valley seemed to spurt water like a sponge from the pressure of your foot. But the army is doing its work in waterproofs just the same as if the day were fair. Bad weather can not spoil the flavor of the news which concerns Nippon Denji personally and all the world internationally. The Russians have evacuated Motienling. Now, Motienling, as I have already noted, is the pass of Thermopylae on the road to Liao-Yang. Here the Russians had built extensive storehouses, placed mines and barbed wire entanglements, and made ready in all respects for determined defence. This they leave as a man must flee from the valuables in his burning house, not joyfully, as the Japanese left behind their defensive works at Feng-Wang-Cheng which they did not require, for a reason that spells the difference between success and humiliation. The way to Liao-Yang for the First Army, then, seems clear.

#### ATTACKS ON MOTIENLING PASS

Two sharp actions in the Thermopylae of Manchuria, where superior numbers of Russian troops were put to flight

Special Cable Despatch to Collier's

By FREDERICK PALMER

(By runner to Ping Yang, Korea, by telegraph to Seoul, thence by cable to New York)

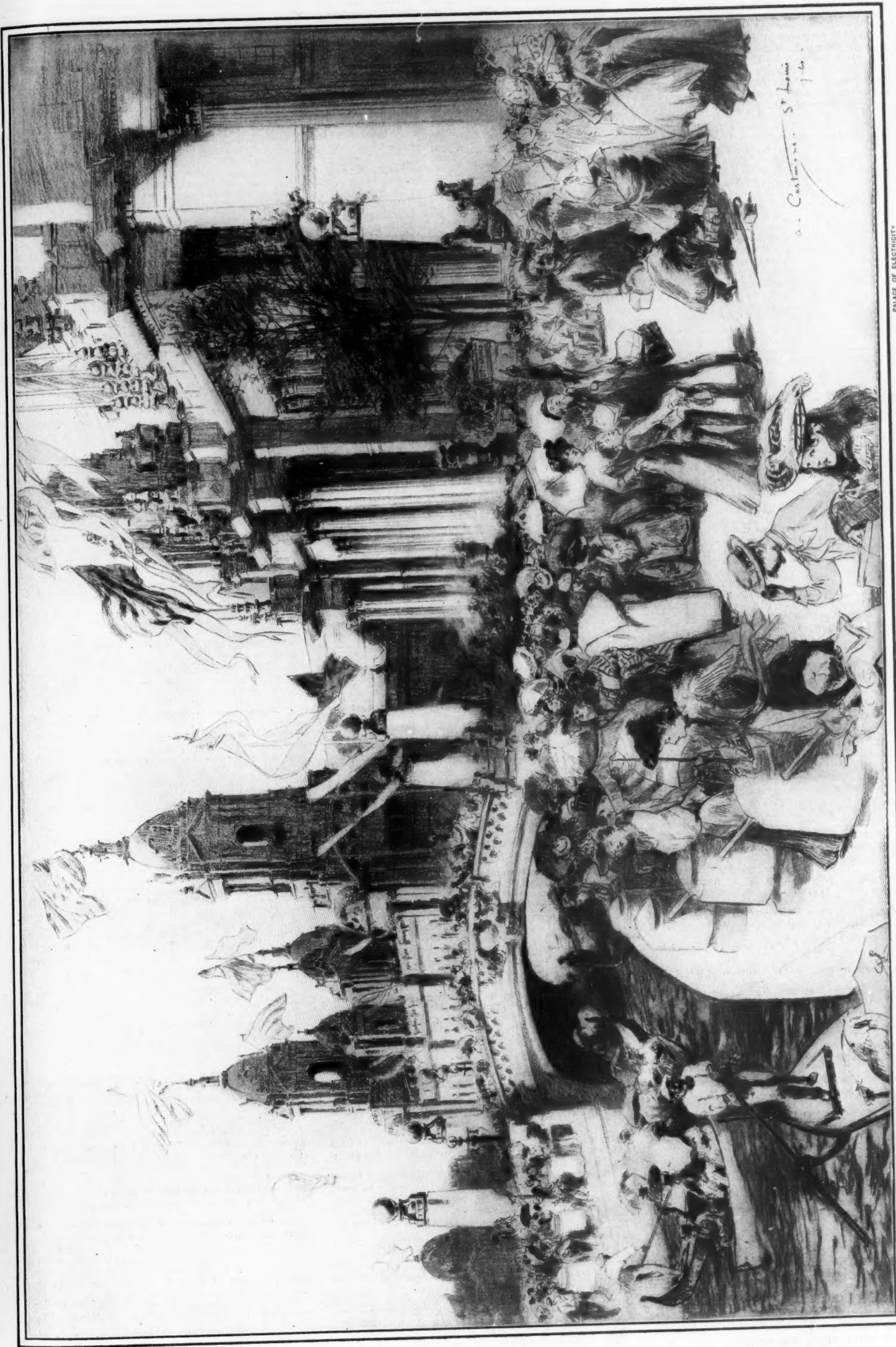
LIENSHANKWAN, MANCHURIA, July 17

THE Russians to-day made their second attempt to retake the Motienling Pass. Under the cover of darkness they came stolidly with a view of making a daylight surprise, so often successful with the Turks, whom the Russians still seem to think they are fighting, even after five months of bitter experience with the Japanese. Hitherto foreign observers with the army have seen the Russians only fighting behind intrenchments, but this time the conditions of open



SOLDIERS BATHING IN THE SO RIVER AT THE END OF THE DAY'S MARCH





PALACE OF ELECTRICITY

# VACATION DAYS AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR

MACHINERY HALL

DRAWN BY ANDRE CARTAIGNE

field tactics maintained against the Turks were repeated against this alert and mobile force, with results more humiliating to the Russians than the painfully discouraging outcome of the Yalu. This result upsets the presupposed preponderating defensive power of the modern rifle when skill and adaptability vie with the defence. Hitherto we have met only Siberian troops. Either the troops from European Russia have not arrived in such numbers as St. Petersburg has confidently reported, or else Kuropatkin has been holding this supposed flower of his army on the railroad awaiting the final stand.

To-day the foreign observers saw European Russian troops receive their baptism of fire. Their retreat was a little more orderly; at intervals there was a little more regular parade-ground tactics and a little more spectacular movement, but they were almost as helpless as their brothers, their outposts were pushed in, and the mist of the dawn found their two converging lines sweeping toward the pass itself. On the first attack of July 4 four companies of Japanese repulsed the pursuit of two Russian battalions. To-day again inferior numbers repulsed and pursued.

The Russians work under a heavy equipment, carrying cumbersome blanket rolls, while the Japanese are equipped for agile fighting. The comparison is like that of a light spirited gamecock and a big brahma whose feet run to feathers. The Japanese, who squats instead of sits, at home, whose whole habit makes his limbs limber, takes cover spryly, fitting himself glove-like to the contour of the ground from which he nimbly rises for his rushes forward. In the undergrowth, among trees, through underbrush, the heavy, awkward, lumbering Russian is like a fish out of water. Lacking

intrenchments, or even ground to advance over, the Russians have not a grip on any position they may occupy in the manoeuvres on the field.

To-day, as on the 4th, the Russians advanced in close order by the valleys, and to-day, right where they made the effort to flank-pass a battalion in close order, they were actually caught under guns which played the same awful havoc that was wrought in the fatal instance at Hamatan. It was the anniversary of the taking of Shipka Pass. It was a saint's day on the Russian calendar, and the fog at dawn was thick. Everything conspired for the Russian success. With the elephantine mass (like Skobelev, Kuropatkin's old superior in the Russo-Turkish War) they would have used the heavily burdened Russians from Europe to frighten the confident dwarfs into retreat at the sight of their burly forms. But Japanese tactics outmanoeuvred them, Japanese bullets mowed them down, until at last, beating them back, the Japanese pursued and the Russians made over the hills, either by the side lands or the valleys between Kwante and Towan, like ants, in long lines or scattered groups. The whole army, down to its company sections, adapted itself to the needs of the ground and the lines of least resistance. The Japanese with characteristic relentlessness steadily made their way, continually seizing the advantages of new positions and appearing suddenly with a flanking spurt that caught some part of the enemy.

The Russian soldiers individually lack intelligence and initiative. Their total dependence upon their officers, their concerted movements in a mass, and their inferior marksmanship, have brought some hard lessons on the value of shock-tactics as against the need of individual skill in the employment of modern

rifles. Every step of the war reveals the Russian army. Their sharpshooters and Cossacks are sharpshooters and scouts in name only. Every step they take gives proof of the wisdom of the American policy, that the regular army can not be composed of too highly intelligent individuals, nor can they be too highly trained. Every step the Russian army takes discredits the automatic mechanical soldier of the Continental system which thinks that too much intelligence is a handicap.

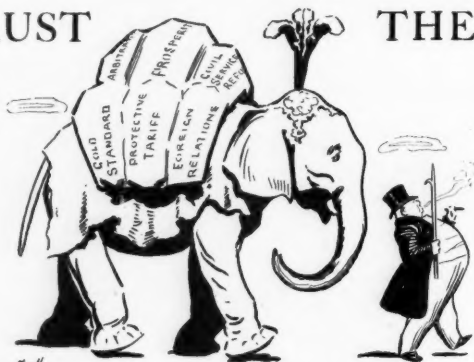
Only Russians would retreat from a number not superior to theirs and set up far out on the level lands with an advanced infantry to protect them in manikin style on a parade ground, and then, like grown up children, shout, "We are pleased to do our best for your Majesty."

It was as futile as Pakenham's close order at New Orleans. Do foreigners observe the actions of the 4th and 17th of July, and explain the victories of Liautung Peninsula, which were unseen by outsiders? To-day's casualties were 200 Japanese, as against the estimated 2,000 Russians. During the fight the Japanese general commanding, Nishi, smiling and undemonstrative, gave few orders, his machine doing the work of years of training and preparation. Russia was paying for her sacrifice of individual intelligence, for her autocracy, for her outrages in the Boxer campaign. The further into the country we proceeded the deeper grew the Chinese dislike of the Russians, and great keenness to serve the Japanese with information as to the Russians' movements was noticeable at every turn. When we entered the towns women emerged from their hiding-places and were soon at work again in their gardens as usual.

*The attack on the Motienling Pass, July 4, was one of the most interesting actions of the present war. Mr. Palmer has written an account of this fight, which he calls "A Pass and an Affair with Bayonets." This will be published next week, fully illustrated with a map and with many photographs by James H. Hare, Collier's photographer with General Kuroki's army, who was also present on the battlefield*

## WHY SHOULD WE TRUST

Believing that the highest purpose of the press is to instruct through the careful presentation of facts, and to provoke thought by the conveyance of honest opinions, Collier's will, during the present national campaign, retain the political neutrality that has at all times characterized its pages. The ripest thought from the leaders of all parties will be presented in these pages, thereby affording the readers a better opportunity to reach their own intelligent conclusions and formulate unprejudiced convictions.



By CHARLES H. GROSVENOR

With cartoon sketches by E. W. Kemble

## THE REPUBLICAN PARTY?

For seventeen years Mr. Grosvenor has represented the Eleventh District of Ohio in the United States House of Representatives. He was a brigadier-general in the Civil War, and for a number of years a member of the Ohio State Legislature, being twice Speaker of the Lower House. In Congress he has served as Chairman on the Committees on Ways and Means, Rules, Mines and Mining, Merchant Marine, and Fisheries. He is one of the most active workers among the Republican Congressmen.

THIS is a question of vital importance to the American people, and will be answered by an expression of opinion of fourteen millions of voters at the ensuing November election.

Party platforms are valuable as indicative of the drift of parties and sentiment, but the victory of a party announcing a platform does not always ensure the execution of the party promise. The Democrats carried the country in 1844 upon the battle cry of "Polk and Dallas and the Tariff of 1842," and yet one of the very earliest acts of the party on coming into power was to repeal that same tariff law. So we must look to something beyond the mere platform declaration. The inquiry, therefore, in the present instance should be: Is the Republican party right in its promises and will it redeem them?

The people of the United States should trust the Republican party because it has never failed to redeem every promise it ever made to the people upon which it secured power. It destroyed slavery. It restored the Union. It made possible the cleansing of the Constitution and the enthronement of liberty in the terms of that instrument. It saved the nation from irredeemable paper money, as advocated by the Democrats in 1868. It restored specie payments, and made every dollar of American money of par value. It seized the Government from the hands of Democracy in 1897 and fulfilled its platform pledges by legislative guaranties of the gold standard and repeal of the Wilson Tariff law and the restoration of good times, where poverty and confusion reigned.

These were platform pledges, each and every one of them. They were written in advance and became promises to the American people. They were carefully and religiously redeemed. It is significant that in every one of these great legislative acts which remodeled the very form and substance of our Government, and placed us upon the high position which we occupy to-day, the Democratic party was the party of opposition.

It is not incumbent upon a political party that it shall halt and hesitate when a new question arises to ascertain whether or not its party platform or declaration has covered the existing case; and so the Republican party has found itself more than once face to face with conditions that required prompt action and which were not covered by any party pledge. In every one of these cases the solution by the party has been wise, beneficent, and approved by the people—notably the war with Spain and the release of Cuba from despotism, the ex-

pansion of our governmental influence to the Philippine Islands, and their government and control since.

We had made no party pledge that the Philippine Islands should be governed with humanity and that civil government should be restored there to the inhabitants as rapidly as consistent with wisdom and good government; and yet, without any such promise, we have gone on and worked out the result, and to-day the Filipinos enjoy as full measure of local self-government as do the Territories of the United States.

We had no party platform that guided the action of the United States in the Panama question; but when the issue arose it was met and decided, and will be adhered to, in a manner that is to-day justified and approved by the American people.

There was no platform declaration that could have been applied to the settlement of the great coal strike of 1902; but our Administration settled it, and nobody regrets that settlement except those who fear it may have enhanced the popularity of Mr. Roosevelt and held out to the people of the country the suggestion that in the hour of emergency it is well to have the Republican party on the quarterdeck of the ship.

We have had no platform declaration in regard to our general foreign policy; but the diplomacy of Mr. Hay has been marvelous in its results, and has placed the United States in the very forefront of the great leading nations of the world.

Our intervention in Venezuela, our approval and promotion of The Hague Arbitration Agreement, our invocation of that tribunal in the settlement of our own controversy with Mexico, and the peaceful and satisfactory adjustment of our Northwestern border—all are incidents that point with unerring certainty to the fact that we can do things without promising them, and the history of the past forty years shows that we can promise things and do them.

A party that has always fulfilled its promises to the people and has executed the policies already indorsed and foreordained by the popular vote can always be relied upon to invoke the approval of the people upon its acts in matters arising suddenly and upon which no expression has been made.

So the Republican party is right in its platform declaration. Its principles are right. Its policies are right; and the people can trust the Republican party to do all it has promised to do, and to wisely dispose of any new question which arises.

The people of the United States can with safety trust the Republican party with power because it is, as I have already shown, a party of progress. Long experience, long activity, make a party capable. The party that is in the habit of going forward can be relied upon to have a better judgment than a party that has existed for half a century as a mere party of negation. A party whose watchword has been "Up, On, Forward, March," is a

better party to trust in American politics than a party which for scores of years has stood holding on to the coat-tails of the world and screaming "Whoa!" at every attempt to move forward. A party that has put its shoulder to the car of progress and pushed to the front is a better party to trust than a party that has been putting chocks under the wheels and trying to prevent action.

There is not a measure which has been ingrafted into the Constitution of the United States for fifty years that was not put there by the intelligence, wisdom, and patriotism of the Republican party. There is not a statute existing upon the statute books of the United States to-day that is not more than half a century old, and of which the people of this country are proud, that was not put there by the Republican party; and in every instance of constitutional change and legislative progress, the battle has been won over the resistance of the Democratic party in and out of Congress, in and out of the State Legislatures, in and out of the forums



It begins to talk about the dead party

of popular discussion. You can not trust a party that for fifty years has done nothing. Such a party gets rusty; it becomes senile; it becomes stagnant; it becomes threadbare.

When the Democratic party was in power it spent its strength in formulating movements for the particular and special purpose of upholding and rendering indestructible the Bourbon institutions of the early times and the more modern institution of slavery aggrandizement and slavery extension; and to-day when you challenge the Democratic party in relation to its history, its policies, its purposes, it begins to talk about the dead of the party.

The difference between the two parties is pretty well illustrated in this way: You take a Republican of intelligence and ask him what the policy and purpose of his party is, and he begins to talk to you about the progress of the country, the development of the science of politics, and the great purpose of the American people in its new life and new ambitions; but you talk to a Democrat and he begins to discuss the action of somebody dead; and if you will carefully check the muster-roll of his great men and make notes of the suggestions that he relies upon, you will find that every one of the men he quotes is dead, and many of them have been dead for nearly one hundred years. The Republican points to the executive offices, the declarations of principles of his

(Continued on page 21)



The United States will build the Panama Canal



## Strikes Without Violence

By John Mitchell

At so critical a time no counsel could be more opportune than this word from the President of the United Mine Workers of America, who so heroically championed the cause of labor through the coal strikes two years ago

CAN strikes be conducted without violence? Can they succeed when not accompanied by lawlessness? To both of these questions I would answer positively, "Yes." If I believed otherwise I should abandon the trade-union movement forthwith. As a matter of fact, the great majority of strikes are inaugurated and fought out without one single act of violence, and when violence is resorted to in a strike the newspaper reports of it are always greatly exaggerated.

My experience has been that the commission of crime on the part of strikers or their friends reduces the chances of success. A strike of any considerable magnitude can not well succeed unless it have the sympathy and support of the general public, and when a strike resolves itself into an armed conflict the public very properly withdraws its sympathy. That employers of labor understand full well the injury to strikers which follows violence is shown by the fact that not infrequently during labor disturbances thugs are employed to provoke strikers into the commission of some unlawful act.

If strikes can not succeed except by violence, then they should not succeed at all. The law must be upheld. Lawlessness should be condemned and is condemned by trade-unionists as well as by all other good citizens.

## Why Ibsen?

By Minnie Mattern Fiske

The American stage has no champion of the intellectual and philosophical drama more ardent in the support of thought-provoking plays than Mrs. Fiske, who is recognized by many as the foremost actress of to-day

"WHY IBSEN?" This question, elaborated and particularized, is often asked. Ibsen's most devoted admirers deplore the fact that his subjects are almost invariably gloomy and that he seldom moves in happy channels—unless we except his scintillant and biting wit and satire. The actor who studies Ibsen, however, must take delight in him. With all his gloom and his depressing satire on life, Ibsen projects the truth, and that he fascinates audiences, as he lays hold of actors, is evident from the success of his plays when they are represented with appreciation. Again, Ibsen is a pleasing foil to the average modern play—the average "society" play and current "comedy," for these have nothing in them that appeals to intelligence or that suggests thought. As a rule, they are pretty things, with nothing behind them or beneath their superficialities. As they lack in matter that means something, so Ibsen is crammed with that sort of matter. An auditor leaves the average modern play without having gained anything whatever; and the actor in the modern play gains nothing and can not grow materially in its interpretation. It may be that the pendulum in Ibsen swings too far the other way, but withal he is a stimulus both to auditor and to actor. It is true that the modern play—the better example of the modern play—usually seems to have some reason for existence, but it has nothing to tell but a fairy tale or some meaningless story, and in a year—usually in less time—it is all forgotten. We would not admit to our libraries the trivial and insipid stories of modern plays, if they were between covers. Perhaps—it is to be hoped—Ibsen is a pioneer for better things, for things that mean something in and to the drama. It is true that his imitators now—his disciples among the makers of plays—seem to think that it is their duty to out-Ibsen Ibsen in the depressing subjects they treat with more or less superficiality, but he may for the future inspire masters of drama who will write as significantly of the beauties and nobilities of life as he writes now of its aberrant and miserable features.

## Shall Newspapers Inform or Inflame?

By Thomas R. Slicer

The pastor of All Souls' Church (Unitarian) in New York City is one of the nation's best-known preachers on practical piety, and his work in civic and municipal matters has been most conducive to good

THE newspaper can not say—because it is for everybody that it must run the whole gamut of public interest and meet depravity with depravity. The editorial management that contents itself with this ideal has lost sight of its influence in the contemplation of revenue. Of course, it is the first duty of a newspaper, as of every legitimate enterprise, to succeed. But when its success leaves a trail of disaster it ceases to be legitimate, and must be treated as an enemy of the common good.

Many newspapers have been the means of intellectual and moral life. What such a paper thinks on a public question is important far beyond the area of its immediate circulation. But in a great city, where competi-

tion is not simply sharp, but fierce, the newspaper is apt to think that it may do anything that will increase its circulation as a means of value to its advertisers, upon whom its prosperity depends. The result is that it often sinks below the demand for an ideal and rarely stops at the level of a policy. But when it is considered that hundreds of thousands of copies go daily into the homes of the ignorant, who wish to know what the world is doing, the moral value of a newspaper can not be lost sight of. The choice has to be made between a course that is moral and one that is immoral.

The workingman who has no time to read a newspaper in the morning, at the end of a long day of labor ought to find a clear account in his evening paper of what has happened in every corner of the world. That account should be expanded in the ratio of its importance. What he usually finds is crime displayed, questions of government administration and international interest restricted. He knows in a vague way that there is a Colorado mining issue, a meat packers vs. labor union controversy, a Japan and Russia complication, an impending Presidential election, and a test question before the Supreme Court in the matter of Interstate Commerce Law; but the largest area of the page before his eye will be occupied by the pictures of the principals in a divorce proceeding, detailed accounts of robberies, murders, and other crimes so common that it is difficult for the reporter to tax his rhetoric for new descriptions. When this workingman's half-hour of reading is over, he has accumulated impressions which are a poor crown to place upon a day of honest toil.

It has taken many millions of years to make the thinking machine that we call the human brain. It has taken many thousands of years to educate it. In a great democracy, what it turns out as a thinking machine is of the first importance to the Republic; and it would seem legitimate to require that a great educational agent like the daily newspaper should realize its responsibility and take its share of direction, control, and influence. The newspaper that departs from its mission to inform, and for the sole purpose of revenue seeks to inflame, is a blot upon mankind, a foe to the public, and an enemy to the country.

## Is the Golden Rule Workable?

By the Late Hon. Samuel Milton Jones

This last word from Toledo's famous and lamented Mayor is a fitting comment for so good a man to leave to inspire others to promote the optimism of the Golden Rule life, which he preached and practiced so well

AS I view it, the Golden Rule is the supreme law of life. It may be paraphrased this way: As you do unto others, others will do unto you. I do not see how this proposition can be denied. What I give, I get. If I love you, really and truly and actively love you, you are as sure to love me in return as the earth is to be warmed by the rays of the midsummer sun. If I hate you, illtreat and abuse you, I am equally certain to arouse the same kind of antagonism toward me, unless the divine nature has been so developed that it is dominant in you and you have learned to "love your enemies." What can be plainer? The Golden Rule is the law of action and reaction in the field of morals just as positive, just as definite, just as certain here as the law is positive, definite, and certain in the domain of physics.

I think the confusion with respect to the Golden Rule arises from the different conception that we have of the word love. I use the word love as being synonymous with reason, and so when I speak of doing the loving thing, I mean the reasonable thing. When I speak of dealing with a man or my fellow-men in an unreasonable way, I mean an unloving way. The terms are interchangeable absolutely.

"Will the Golden Rule work?" And this question is being asked nearly twenty centuries after Jesus brought it into striking prominence by making it the cornerstone of His philosophy, and during all these centuries we have been teaching and preaching this same philosophy, and we are yet asking, Will it work? Amazing! Why do we ask it? Simply because preaching and teaching have been the sum total of our work. We have left out the important part, *the doing*. The only way we can learn a thing is by doing it. I might look at my fellow-man chopping down trees, plowing a field, digging a ditch, playing a piano, painting a picture, or carving a statue for a lifetime, and I would not learn the art except by doing it with my own hands, and I fancy that is why we know so little about the Golden Rule: We haven't worked at it. We haven't practiced it. We have "belonged" to organizations and institutions established for the purpose of teaching it, and in our lives we have practiced the opposite rule. We are just beginning to learn to apply it. We are beginning to learn that a fight between nations or individuals, whether it be on a field of battle or in a so-called court of justice, no more determines the right or wrong of a question than a fight between wild beasts, and as this truth is dawning upon us we are becoming human, and the number of men and women who refuse to fight, who refuse to hate, and are determined that love and love alone, that the Golden Rule, shall be the guiding philosophy of their lives, is increasing as at no other time in history.

## The Scholar-Politician Impracticable?

By Prof. Edward A. Ross

Having occupied the chair of Sociology at the Indiana, Cornell, Leland Stanford, and Nebraska Universities, and in all these places expounded political principles, Prof. Ross is peculiarly well fitted to speak on this subject

CERTAINLY he is impracticable as a candidate. He is not a good "mixer," and when it comes to "standing treat," meeting the "boys" and propitiating that man of influence, the saloonkeeper, he is easily distanced. In being all things to all men, and in liberality of ante-election promises, the demagogue can always beat him. The man who aspires to accomplish some good thing will ever be handicapped in competing with the man who is in politics for a living and has triumphed over hampering scruples. This is why the scholar enters politics oftener by the side door of appointment than by the front door of nomination and election.

There is, however, no reason why the scholar should prove impracticable in dealing with public affairs. The college has ceased to be a cloister. Learning no longer means the dead languages. With their schools of finance and administration and political science and history, the Universities prepare men as never before for public service. The legislator who has provided himself with compass and chart by profound and systematic studies in economics, statistics, banking, taxation, railroads, comparative legislation, and the like will be formidable *because he knows*.

The fact is, the days of "Bluff Ben" and "Honest Jack" are nearly over. Our society has become too complex to be entrusted to the Davy Crockett type. Honesty and common-sense are, to be sure, just as indispensable as ever, but there are needed, in addition, trained faculties, expert knowledge, insight. Our problems are to those of two generations ago what quadratics are to common fractions. No political quack can solve them. Every task of government, from the repression of crime and the treatment of destitution to the disposal of sewage and the care of forests, has been studied methodically, and is now a part of some science. The man who brings to these questions nothing but good intentions and open eyes may as well stay at home. The cry is "More light!" The day of the plain people is the day of the man who knows.

When in the days soon to come, an oft-befooled people will cast about in desperation for granite, mammoth-proof public servants, it may be that the university-bred man will be valued as a moral "immune." Of no straighter grain than others, he has, nevertheless, two things in his favor. His scholastic career has exposed him during several impressionable years to standards of honor and ideals of politics much above the ordinary. Then, too, educated men develop among themselves a wholesome freemasonry that makes them dread nothing so much as loss of caste. The fact that the scholar prizes above all material rewards the "Well-done!" of his old teachers, his classmates and his fellow-scholars everywhere, ought to fortify him amid the besetments and temptations of political life.

## America's Chance in Australia

By Kyrle Bellew

This popular English actor is a journalist and a Fellow of both the Royal Geographical and Microscopic Societies. He is a recognized authority on mineralogy and a close student of commercial and political tendencies

THE three capital "A's"—Africa, America, Australia (place them in historical sequence)—should, in time, absorb the commerce of the world, and control it. Their geographical relation to each other is about equal,—but, as far as Europe is concerned, Africa is, relatively, favored. Advancement on the western coast of America will be the factor to decide whether the enormous continent of Australia, lying Janus-faced between her and Africa, will throw the favors of her growing needs to the westward or to the east. In a few years, when British push and energy have developed industries in Africa, she will be on a par, as far as Australia is concerned, with Western America. At present the Great Republic has the advantage over the older continent. Apathy and ignorance may blind America, for a time, to her advantage, but the increased demands of Australia can not long remain unnoticed by the great trade "drummers" of the United States, any more than they are hidden now from the keen scent of the German commercial sleuth or the slow-to-move but already established British trader.

Greeley's dictum, "Young man, go West," should not be forgotten, and the shrewd American who follows his advice, *in time*, will surely reap the benefit of adventuring in the direction of Australia.

The more thickly populated, civilized, and settled Australian States are those of the eastern littoral. Geographically, the nearest trade routes to them are via the Pacific from America. The vast mining lands of Western Australia, with the harbors of Fremantle and Albany, face and favor Africa and the European routes via the Suez Canal or the very slightly longer route round the Cape.

America will be "out" of these. Australian exports



## WITH KUROKI IN

Japanese infantry fording the So River on the march from Feng-Wang-Cheng. On this advance, described by Mr. Palmer in Collier's, the Japanese almost welcomed this. The shallow So River keeps close to the Peking Road, crossing and recrossing it, and proved a very

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ACCOMPANYING THE JAPANESE





## I IN MANCHURIA

ed by M. Palmer in his article on page 6, the men's feet were almost continually wet; but, as the heat was intense, they  
t, and proved a very good friend to the soldiers. It gave them drink and a bathing place when the day's toil was over

will all go west—eventually she will compete with America in cereals and cotton, meat and dairy produce, leather products and minerals, supplying, with Canada and Africa, all demands of the mother country.

This happy state of affairs for Great Britain, however, will be the outcome of a course of strenuous years. Meanwhile Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia are open markets for the trade of their nearest neighbor, the United States.

The "happy state" is likely to be delayed in Australia owing to the ascendancy of the so-called Labor Party; or, as it should more rightly be termed, the "Don't-want-to-do-any-labor-and-won't-let-you Party," and herein lies the opportunity of the United States.

The labor unions are advocating the State control of all the leading industries. Everybody who has a true regard for the prosperity of Australia must have watched with anxiety the disproportionate development of the Labor movement in commonwealth politics. There is a grain of comfort to leaven the lump of inquietude over the Federal elections, in that the less

selfish and shortsighted elements in the community are instituting an organized opposition to the demands of the Labor demagogues. They, on the other hand, are making their demands still more reckless and sweeping, framing them with no end in view but the personal gain of their own constituents. Their advocacy of State control means simply that, since they hope effectively to control the State, they trust by this means to find themselves in the agreeable position of employers and employed in one. It is the duty of all Australians who are not blinded by gross ignorance and self-interest to the fatal dangers of the Labor policy to work most actively toward saving the politics of the country from being surrendered bag and baggage into hands so ill-fitted to direct them. But—will they succeed? The Labor politicians will frighten capital from the country, smother individual enterprise, limit industry to inflate wages, check immigration, and bar alien labor. The result will not be far to seek—a country of great demands and little output, limited manufacture and no enterprise; a Tom Tiddler's

dumping-ground for the nations, the nearest one of which is the United States of America.

The determined advance of the Labor Party in disrespect of private enterprise has evidenced in Australia the need of an opposition who will not take part in the headlong race toward Socialism; who will discountenance those rash innovations which are now bringing discredit on Australia, which are retarding her economic recovery, and which must place every Government that wishes to borrow in the London market at a serious disadvantage. The aggressive encroachments of the Labor leaders are stirring up class antipathies with the object of leading to a despotism to which Australia has as yet been a stranger. The poison of the commonwealth is the meat of America, and while the island continent wilts and withers in her own internal economy, she will increase her demands on the outside world for all the necessities which under good government she would find at home. Australia with its new-laid commonwealth is in the throes of Bad Government and veritably in the Pains of Labor.

# A BORN COWARD

THE cherry trees cast delicate flickering shadows over the grass in the backyard, where Mrs. Marshall was bent over a tub of soapsuds washing out clothes. Near the fence, stalks of rhubarb made a hedge and boldly invaded the confines of the gooseberry bushes over which Caroline was throwing the tea-towels. Mrs. Marshall's sleeves were rolled high over her elbows, her arms showing pink and moist. She ceased from her task long enough to rest her hands on her hips, and watched Caroline as she filled her mouth with clothespins and drew some elaborately ruffled white aprons out of the basket.

"Them woods ain't going to harm any one with a pure heart, Caroline Marshall," she cried. "It's just your stubborn fears makes you afraid of them. I don't ever see where you get your coward ways from. Your pa went through the war; he run a provision wagon. An' my father, he was a brave man, too. He wa'n't much for fightin', pa wa'n't, but he saved two children from drownin' once; the water wa'n't deep and he waded out and caught them as they come up the third time. That's what makes heroes of men. Not so much what they do as bein' on the place to do it. Pa went off to the gold diggin's when there was a call for troops." She paused breathlessly. "How purty them clouds is, just like a roll of cotton-batting cut up into pieces. Well, Californy was a real bad place for a good man; it nearly ruined pa's nature. For when he come home after the war was over, he had counteracted the habit of playin' cards, an' he thought nothin' of goin' to the theatre. It's strange how unmoral climate can make some people." She resumed her occupation reluctantly, the fall of her plump pink arms sending foamy sprays of suds into the air; she talked as she rubbed, her speech punctuated with little gasps. "Now, Mary McCune, she was just like you, I remember. She couldn't go through them woods alone. Poor soul. It was just six months ago she died. Did she look nateral at her funeral, Toddy? What did they lay her out in? That white muslin dress Jennie Ijams made for her? I guess they had to let it out under the arms if she had dropsy."

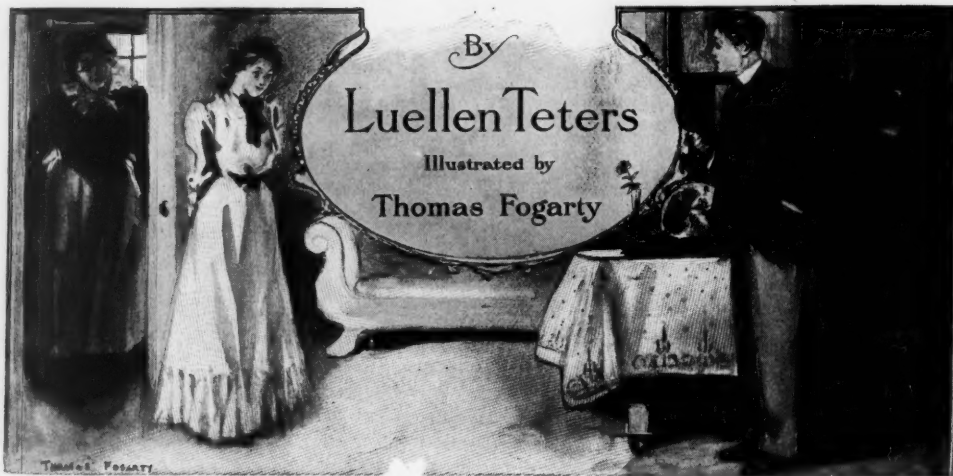
"Yes, it was her wedding dress," Caroline spoke indistinctly, her mouth full of clothespins; her long slender arms jerked at a refractory tablecloth that had caught on a sharp twig of one of the trees.

"I wonder who he will marry now? I guess Lem McCune made her a good husband; they always had plenty to eat, an' she had her washing done out. I saw him watchin' you at the sociable the other night, Toddy. His reputation as a man of learnin' is grand. He belongs to the readin'-room. There"—she flung her hands up in the air, shaking the water from them and drying them on her apron—"I guess you can do the rest now; just the stockings and your pa's underwear. An' throw the suds over the flower-beds when you're through. I hate to waste all this nice water, an' it won't hurt them lilies very much. There's nothin' like makin' use of everything."

Caroline made no reply; she was draping the last bush with a frayed red tablecloth, which infused a gay bit of color into the green expanse, with its white shrouded objects.

Fields of buckwheat encompassed the yard, like dulled stretches of water, in which the blue shirts of her father and brothers, as they worked in an adjoining potato patch, were sharply silhouetted. The bees in swarms were feasting on the blossoms, and late stragglers flew lazily by to ravish the clover-heads, filling the silence with their sonorous buzz.

Down the red-clay road the varied green of the woods extended in sombre glow, here and there the white, trunk of a beech-tree standing out in ghostlike form. The cries of the birds which emanated from that dense



leafage sounded flat and weird; the hoot of the bald-faced owls might have been the wail of some lost spirit. Caroline, a way to church with the family on Sundays, would stop up her ears so as not to hear the doves' pathetic, mournful notes. An atmosphere of supernaturalness invested the place, and the old graveyard which surrounded the little church on its outskirts strengthened this awesome spell until she saw odd fantastic shapes even in the shadows of the trees.

She shivered in the warm sunlight at the remembrance of it under the moon's pallid, wan light. Driving briskly through with Henry Sloan, she had shut her eyes in fear until they emerged safe on the open road again.

Her mother appeared at the door, a fleck of flour on her face. "The Williamses are coming down for dinner to-morrow, Toddy. An' if you see Lem McCune or Henry Sloan you'd better invite them over, too. I'll just have to make some fried cakes for George Williams; he's powerfully fond of them. I want you to run over to the store an' take some eggs with you an' get me some saleratus. Hurry, now." Caroline eyed her mother peculiarly.

"Oh, ma, I just can't," she said, drawing in a deep breath.

"You'll have to, Caroline Marshall." Her mother spoke with determination. "There's your pa an' the boys slavin' in the fields for you. You're too old to be such a big coward. Them woods ain't goin' to hurt you one bit; you can take the dog along if you're afraid. Think of the brave men in my family, and you such a coward. What if Henry Sloan knew it? an' Lem McCune? I guess Henry would drop you in a minute for Susy Ijams—I seen him buggy-riding with her the other night. Hurry now, for my dough won't be good if it has to stand much longer."

"I can't go," Caroline shook her head nervously. "I just can't, ma."

"Caroline Marshall, you're enough to try the patience of a saint. I never seen such an ungrateful girl, an' here I did most of the washin' to save you doin' it. I guess you'll end like poor Mary McCune. She was a coward, too, an' she died."

"It wasn't the woods that killed her, anyway," Caroline ventured timidly in face of her mother's increasing displeasure. Mrs. Marshall gave her a contemptuous look, and took down from its nail behind the door a huge horn which she blew loudly. In response to its mighty din, the smaller boy near the buckwheat field waved a tattered straw hat. Mrs. Marshall blew again; there was dire menace in the blare. The blue gingham shirt of the boy appeared to glide swiftly, unsupported, across the sea of buckwheat.

Thomas-Jefferson came up, breathless and red in the face.

"Here, son, take this pail of eggs an' get me some saleratus at Mr. Carter's store. An' I don't mind if there is any change over from the eggs if you get yourself some candy."

"Why don't Toddy go? She ain't doin' nothin'!" Thomas-Jefferson reproachfully eyed his sister.

"Toddy go?" There was the sting of ridicule in

Something inexplicable had held her back from advancing with the mourners; the flapping of the dark-green shades against the window-sills made her nervous, and the heavy, sweet fragrance of the white ten-weeks-stock which lay in wreaths around the room sickened her. It was only fear, she knew.

"Is that you, Caroline?" a cheery masculine voice sounded from the road. Caroline looked around with a start, drawing her sleeves in embarrassment over her fair young arms. A young man astride a mule had stopped under the shade of a tree by the gate. She crossed the yard to him, avoiding the clothes stretched over the grass and bushes.

"Won't you get off, Henry, and stop a while?" she replied, resting her elbows on the top of the fence.

"I'm afraid I can't to-day," he brushed a persistent fly off the mule's shining flank with the end of a switch. "Busy?"

"Now, now. Ma was just saying to invite you to dinner to-morrow. The Williamses are coming over."

Sloan drew his brows together meditatively; he had clear gray eyes fringed with long black lashes like a girl's, and a slightly womanish expression around his mouth which gave his thin face a look of latent refinement and sweetness of nature.

"I'm afraid I'll have to beg off, Caroline," he said slowly. "I can't possibly come." Caroline stared at him in astonishment; it had been his usual custom to spend the entire day with the family and walk to Sunday evening service later.

"Why can't you?" she asked suspiciously. He flushed sensitively at her tone.

"I can't tell you, Caroline," he said. "Don't ask me now." An unreasonable pride, aroused by the bluntness of his refusal, arose within her. She tossed her head in anger.

"Well, I guess we can manage to get along without you, Mr. Sloan. Mr. McCune is coming anyway. He's a perfect gentleman. You needn't bother to come here any more."

Sloan moved his mule nearer where she stood.

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes, I do, Henry Sloan. I don't want you to come here any more; invitations to my house don't go begging. And I'm tired of hearing my name put with yours."

"Caroline!" He made a grab for her hand. She drew it behind her.

"I guess you'd come over if Susy Ijams was going to be here," she added with malice.

"You know better."

Caroline's cheeks flared angrily; she pulled a narrow gold ring set with two red pearls off her finger and threw it vindictively into the dust.

"I'd give that much for your word," she cried wrathfully. "I haven't any faith in your promises. I'm glad I'm not going to marry you. I guess everybody in town saw you and Susy Ijams driving last week."

"Well, it's true," he confessed boldly.

She squared her back on him, running swiftly into the hall and closing the door with an ominous bang.

Mrs. Marshall's intonations. "Toddy go through them woods alone? Why, she's a born coward, an' the Lord will punish her for it some day. I guess you'd better get horehound drops, son, instead of them lickorish sticks that made you so sick last time."

Caroline moved about the yard, finishing her work in utter dejection, unable to deny the truth of her mother's assertions. The weakness of her nature was only too well understood by herself. She would never dare let it be known, for fear of contemptuous scorn, that she had been afraid to look at Mary McCune as she lay white and peacefully smiling in her coffin the day of the funeral.



And Sloan, seeing the futility of explanations in her present mood, set off at a trot for town.

Caroline brushed against her mother's ample form in the dark of the parlor, where she had been peeping out from under the closely drawn curtains.

"You just hold your head as high as Henry Sloan, Caroline Marshall," she cried. "Susy Ijams, indeed! Why, her mother dressmakes; Lem McCune wouldn't look at her—she's just like a piece of faded calico, with her washed-out hair and light eyes. It's that organ of hers has set her up so, the little hussy. It isn't respectable the way she plays so late at night. Henry Sloan just can't help himself, I guess. Well, never mind, Toddy. If your pa sells his potatoes this year I'll get you one of them speaking machines that'll talk back to you; they're grand. Her old organ ain't to be compared to it."

"I guess Henry Sloan knows all right what he's doing," Caroline said petulantly. "I'm never going to see him again. I've just about made up my mind that Lem McCune is far nicer. I wish pa would tell him to come over for dinner to-morrow, and then he can take me buggy riding after I do the dishes."

"Lem McCune would make a grand husband," Mrs. Marshall said persuasively. "When Mary McCune died, he bought her the finest coffin he could find. An' he's a fine business head; why, your pa says his barn is filled with old iron and rags he trades off for handsome tin pieces from the pedler. He writes a handsome letter, too, all filled with little loops and curlycues. Lem McCune was artistic; when he was a little boy he would spend the money he made for hoin' on perfumery. I like to see a man take respect in his person. If you'll iron them white things to-day, Caroline, I'll speak to your pa about it; you can let the colored clothes go till Monday."

The day seemed interminable to Caroline, who endeavored by close application to work to shut out from her mind unbidden, unforgotten recollections of Sloan, and his tender consideration of her. His actions of the morning beside this panorama were strangely inconsistent, and since she could find no excuse for it in her heart, depression lay heavily upon her.

When McCune came over early Sunday morning, she had but little word of welcome for him. Seeing the aloofness of her daughter, Mrs. Marshall politely did the honors of the house, forcing the stalwart fellow reluctantly into a slippery horsehair chair in the dim parlor with a religious paper, while she stole a few minutes in which to watch a browning fowl in the oven. She shoved Caroline vigorously into the room in which he sat, like some caged furtive animal.

"There's a fine opportunity," she whispered loudly. "Go in an' ask him first how his rheumatism is. Mary McCune was such a thoughtful wife to him; she made him red flannel mufflers to wear every winter. Let him see that you take some interest in his health; it pleases a man right smart. The very first day I met your pa I gave him some rhubarb for his liver. People can't be sincere enough nowadays, what with so many that are hypocrites."

Caroline edged in the door shyly, not lifting her eyes. She could think of nothing to say; the big round toe of his coarse boots riveted her bashful gaze; her eyes never went above it, and rested for the most part on a vivid red sprawling rose in the green carpet beneath it.

The arrival of the Williamses was a welcome relief. Mrs. Williams wore a black Chinese crêpe shawl over her shoulders, although the day was warm; long coral earrings set in gold hung from her ears, exaggerating the slenderness of her face. Her hair, which was faintly streaked with gray, was secured stiffly at the back of her head in a thick-meshed silk net. A black silk reticule worked in pansies in impossible tints of scarlet was suspended from her belt.

Caroline made her escape to the back yard, under cover of their conversation. It was here that McCune found her, and with laborious conversation elicited her promise to take a drive in the afternoon. He would bring her back in time to go to church with her family. She consented only because of the remembrance of Sloan's drive with Susy Ijams; somehow, she was unable to shake off in her mind the impression of gloom and dejection that McCune implanted in her; he had a funereal countenance, and the greatest concession he made to mirth was in a reluctant fleeting relaxation of the corners of his mouth, which was shaded heavily by a thick black mustache.

Caroline did not look back on the memory of that drive with pleasure. The heat of the sun was intolerable, and the slightest fall of the plodding horse's hoofs on the road filled the air with dry clouds of dust. McCune talked but little, relapsing into dolorous pauses from which he would occasionally recover with deep, heavy sighs. Once or twice he tried to give a personal

tone to their intermittent conversation, broaching the waste of fruit in his orchard, because there was no one to see to transforming it into jellies and jams, and as they passed through a lane which bordered his farm he called her attention to the fact that the climbing rose over the piazza had fallen. Mary always saw to its training. He needed some one to tidy up things for him. He hadn't the heart to do it himself.

Caroline failed to see the drift of his words.

"Old Mrs. Evans goes out by the day," she remarked absently; her thoughts had been with Sloan, first in hurt pride at his peculiar behavior, and again in remorse at her own impulsiveness; talk with her was a perfunctory duty the necessity of which had been made clear to her by her mother's parting injunction to pretend an interest in him—for the sake of his rich pastures and sleek cattle. Caroline's soul was not sordid. She was content with stealthy recollections of Sloan's modest income at the mill, and what sacrifices she would have to make as his wife.

"She's too old for me," McCune's practical voice aroused her. "Old enough to be my mother."

"But she works well," Caroline insisted. "She'll do all the cleaning and wash the kitchen floor in one day."



Caroline bent compassionately over him; she saw that he had fainted

McCune turned his head toward her, and cast his dull, mournful gaze upon her.

"I want a wife," he said plainly. "Some one to skim the cream off the milk in the morning, and feed the chickens when I'm not there. There's all of Mary's dresses she can have, and fine stuff they are, too. There's one cloth dress that she wore four winters and it's just as good as new."

Caroline cowered back in one corner of the buggy away from the directness of his heavy eyes.

"I took a notion to you the minute I saw what good bread you could make," he went on monotonously. "I don't see why we can't be married this week—"

"Oh, no—no—" Caroline began to cry, covering her face with her hands so she would not see him.

"Think it over, think it over," McCune said. "You'd have a fine home, and I'd be willing to get the organ tuned for you, and put some new shades up in the parlor." He sank into his usual apathy, and, fearing a repetition of the incident, Caroline did not attempt to revive him from it.

Wisely keeping counsel to herself, she made no mention of his proposal to her mother. It was not without weight in her own eyes, however, since her position over any other girl in the village would then be assured. But her heart was heavy within her as she walked to the evening service with her family. A faint, sickly light from the moon made the woods look unreal

and dreamlike. She pressed close to her father's side, with one ear stopped up and her eyes shut fast, not daring to look to the right or left. In one spot, so tradition ran, a man years gone by was murdered for his money.

Once within the church, she regained her self-possession, and as the boys filled up the family pew with her parents, she slipped across the aisle into a tall pew behind. The sermon was diffuse and lengthy; there was a soothing spell in the desultory singing of the choir and the warm, tender wind blew in through the open windows, bearing fluttering moths and tiny winged bugs.

Caroline awoke with a start.

The church was wrapped in darkness, the lights were out. She raised her head, only half awake, and looked fearfully around the room. And then a horrible fear swept over her as she realized that she was all alone. Through the window, under the white moonlight, the tombstones gleamed. Behind them, a dreaded background, waved the dense foliage of the woods. Caroline sat bolt upright in horror as a mouse scampered over the floor. Her ears rang with the labored pulsations of her heart. She tried to stand up, but her knees shook under her and she sank weakly back into the pew.

A desperate effort at calmness brought her near the door, only to find it locked. The windows were likewise secured, and the locks rusted so that she could not move them.

If she were to die of terror she much preferred to be in the open air than confined in the solemn church.

It was the supreme test of Caroline's nature. She ran to the pulpit, and seizing the Bible, hurled it with all her might against a window, shivering the glass into a thousand pieces. Something made a noise behind her in the darkness of the church. She gave one scream and jumped through the aperture made by the flying book, her dress tearing on the jagged edges of the glass, her tender flesh bruised, and landed face downward on a grave. It was Mary McCune's.

With one bound, her skirt hanging in shreds around her, she ran wildly on through the old churchyard.

A cry rang out on the silent air. Caroline stopped for the second, suffocating. Blindly, as if pursued, she bolted on, following the uncertain ruts of the roads until she could reach the gate. A second time the cry sounded, piercing and distressed. Aroused by its very human quality, Caroline paused. And then, picking her path over fallen headpieces and grass-covered mounds, she came upon a recumbent figure moaning with pain. It was Thomas-Jefferson. "Ma thought you had gone home with some of the girls—" he managed to say between his groans. "They sent me back for you when you didn't—come—Oh, my ankle's broken, I guess—I saw something like a ghost spring out of the church, Toddy, an' it scared me an' I stumbled an' fell—"

Caroline bent compassionately over him, and then she saw that he had fainted.

With superhuman strength, lent by the frenzy of fear, she dragged him over the grass and out to the road. On through the black gloom of the woods she drew her burden, half supporting him in her arms. Once or twice she felt that her terror must vent itself in a scream as the hoot of an owl rang out dimly overhead, but she covered the lonely distance step by step, benumbed and dazed.

She opened the gate at last and walked unsteadily to the piazza; several indistinct

figures were sitting there in the shadow. "Well, we were just getting nervous about you, Toddy," Mrs. Marshall's cheery voice called out as she rose to meet her, her eyes trying to discover what it was she carried in her arms. "What on earth—"

She grabbed little Thomas-Jefferson as he regained consciousness, amazed at his surroundings. Sloan, who had stopped at the house on his way home and had remained lest his assistance might be needed to assuage Mrs. Marshall's motherly fears as to her daughter's safety for the night, started to his feet, as, like a white wraith, Caroline appeared before them.

"Oh, ma," she cried, bursting into tears and tottering unsteadily on her feet. It was Sloan's arms that caught her as she fell.

"There! There!" Mrs. Marshall bustled in agitation around, hardly cognizant of what she was doing, first rubbing her son's hand, then Caroline's. "Tell her, Henry, before she goes off in another spell, about the purty house you got all ready for her to-day—why, you couldn't come over for dinner—an' the beautiful furniture Susy Ijams helped you buy in the city that day you took her buggy ridin', just to surprise Caroline. Tell her quick!"

But Sloan needed no bidding; Caroline clung hysterically to his neck, incoherently relating her experience of the evening, and he did not want to lose any of the sweetness of the present.



Start of the One-Mile Run, Won by H. W. Gregson of Cambridge



First Lap of the Half-Mile Run, Won by H. E. Holding,—in the Lead

## THE SWEEPING VICTORY OF AMERICAN COLLEGE ATHLETES

By RALPH D. PAINE, Collier's Representative at the International Games

LONDON, July 26

**P**LUCK and persistence were brilliantly rewarded on the Queen's Club Grounds, West Kensington, when the Yale-Harvard team met the pick of the athletes of Oxford and Cambridge and won a decisive victory, losing only three events in a programme of nine contests. Ten years ago Yale sent her fleetest runners and her best jumpers and weight tossers to test their ability against Oxford, and America went down to defeat, winning only three events. Five years ago Yale and Harvard made their first joint pilgrimage to England, and after a breathless tussle yielded to Oxford and Cambridge by the odd event of nine, winning four of them in handy fashion. To balance this gloomy total, Cambridge met Yale in New York in 1895, and was fairly snowed under, taking only three races in a lengthy programme of eleven events. Not a bit disheartened, Oxford joined with Cambridge in 1901, and invaded the United States, to meet disaster at the hands of their combined foes of the blue and crimson, winning only three contests this time, out of a possible nine.

The latest meeting in England was therefore an international and inter-university "rubber," the score standing "two all," and previously neither side had been able to win on foreign soil. Therefore by fairly romping away with the honors, Yale and Harvard have overturned precedent, as well as sadly upsetting a large amount of English confidence which held it impossible that the "Yankee collegians" should create a miniature Waterloo three thousand miles from home. In the last decade, also, three American universities have sent their crews to Henley to try for the Grand Challenge Cup, the blue ribbon of the rowing world, and each time English eights have "rowed them off their feet," sending Cornell, Yale, and Pennsylvania home in a beaten series. It began to look as if our collegiate athletic talent were doomed to fail in England before they took ship from New York, and many a theory was woven to account for this string of disappointments that was assuming the proportions of a habit.

### Good Weather for the Last Days of Training

Handicapping climatic conditions were most severely blamed, and there was reason in this excuse. The plucky athletes who had to take the bitter medicine kept quiet on this score and said, very simply, "They rowed too fast for us," or "They had a better team over there." Cambridge and Oxford went to America and found they could not do as well as at home, and so there did seem to be something in the climate theory.

This year, however, the English climate was side-tracked while our team was in training in England, for the visitors seemed to have brought their own brand of weather with them, passed it safely through the Custom House, and unpacked it at Brighton in lavish quantities. Ten days of dry, hot, "sizzling" American summer, such as made all England groan, sweat, and swear, were welcomed in the Yale-Harvard training camp with joy and thanksgiving. Instead of the muggy and depressing air fairly surcharged with that tired feeling such as previous athletic pilgrims had experienced, day after day of unbroken sunshine and sparkling sea breeze kept the athletes in as good condition as when they competed in their own Intercollegiate last May. At last they were granted a chance to show what they could do with a fair field and no favor.

Meantime "Mike" Murphy, wisest of athletic trainers, with the indorsement of John Graham, who handled the Harvard men, had made another innovation which helped to keep the men fit and ready. When the university team was over five years ago, they lived at Brighton, but made frequent journeys to London to practice on the Queen's Club track in order that they might become accustomed to its turns and surroundings. This time it was decided that these trips were more trouble than they were worth, and that rather than drag the men up and down, three hours a day on the trains, with heavy London air to top it off, it might be better to keep the team close to the sea and make them so keen and fit that they could run anywhere without regard to previous track acquaintance. English sporting critics looked askance and thought it taking grave risks, for the Oxford and Cambridge men were coming up from their quarters at Eastbourne and pegging away at the Queen's Club day after day.

But the Americans were building upon the valuable experience gained by their string of defeated teams and weeding out with greatest care all conditions which seemed to have handicapped their predecessors. They frisked around the Brighton Cricket Club Grounds, working in exactly the same fashion as at home, with the same strict training-table programme. Again the British expert wagged his head with a dubious air, and

said that athletes could not stand the hard training here to which they were accustomed "on the other side." They pointed for illustration to the Oxford and Cambridge men, who were making a good deal of a holiday of their training campaign, and drinking and eating about what they fancied. "You don't get beer, ale, claret, and champagne at home," said Mike Murphy and John Graham to their men, "and you don't get it here. It makes no difference what the other fellows drink. It's oatmeal-water for yours three times a day."

It was also a theme for criticism that the visitors really tried too hard to win, they prepared so carefully that it was not altogether "sportsmanlike," and absurd stories were printed to the effect that these young men were never out of training and were wont to work on the cinder-path and over the hurdles the year round, including summer vacations. In other words, there is always a perceptible shadow of suspicion in English minds that no other race of men lives up to the lofty standards of British sportsmanship, and when the "Yankee athlete wins"—well, really he ought not to have tried so hard to win. Even the Secretary of the Queen's Club, that most exclusive and representative of English organizations for gentlemen sportsmen, said to me after the victory: "Oh, you chaps would not have come over this year if you had not felt sure you

Brighton across London, with no offers of assistance, and were settled in their quarters two days before they were given any reason to believe the gentlemen of Oxford and Cambridge existed.

Many matters of detail needed attention, but the English representatives were located only after sending out scouts and telegrams. The only communication received during the first week was an invitation, sent over the telephone, to lunch at Eastbourne with the English athletes. So little provision had been made for guests of the team at the games that a small stand for their use was finally erected only by the insistent request of Messrs. Parks of Yale and Dana of Harvard, the undergraduate team managers. When it came to matters of detail for the conduct of the games, the English representatives at first demanded that they be granted every point about which discussion was possible, even hesitating at having one American among the timers. An exchange of curtly worded messages, with an American ultimatum, was necessary before arrangements were settled.

These features of the visit were minor flaws. They are mentioned only because it has become almost a custom to regard English sportsmanship as leading the world in its spirit of courteous competition "for the fun of it." It is inconceivable that an English university team should visit the United States without being met and welcomed from the moment of landing. Nor will our team make any complaints regarding their visit, because, like their predecessors, they wish to "kick up no fuss." They won without any small favors, they asked no large ones. Yet such experiences as these ought to show American athletes and collegians generally that they have nothing whatever to learn from their British cousins about the theory and practice of courtesy and hospitality in international rivalries.

### High Hats and Frock Coats

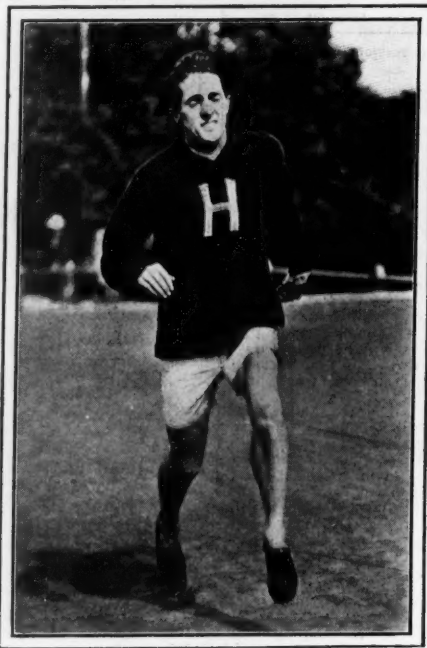
These things could not dim the lustre of the victory, nor the satisfactory management of the games. Several features were new to American eyes. In the first place, the Queen's Club is weighted with such dignity and "side" as are to be expected in a playground of nobility, where on a pleasant summer afternoon one could not toss a brick at the piazzas of the club-house without hitting a lord and perhaps caroming off on to a duke or two. It is decreed that at the international contests all field officials must wear top-hats and frock coats, under penalty of being refused permission to appear. The spectacle of half a dozen gentlemen, on a blazing hot day, struggling to measure a broad jump on hands and knees, to the imminent peril of coats and toppers, is difficult to take with the seriousness it deserves. The American judge was L. P. Sheldon, the famous all-round athlete of Yale, who stands six feet four. In his top-hat he loomed to rival the tower of Parliament House. When he stood at the cross-bar of the high jump, measuring the trials, a godless American spectator remarked to an English acquaintance: "If Sheldon had thought to paint white rings around his high hat, an inch apart, we could have told the height of every jump, from the side of the field, whenever he went near the bar."

The Queen's Club member fairly stammered in horror: "You don't really mean that, do you? I say, it would be shocking bad form. Why, the King may drop in during the games, and fancy his seeing an official with white chalk marks around his hat."

The eight thousand onlookers were massed around the four sides of the field, so that it was impossible from any one vantage-point to see all the events at close range. In order to give all a fair chance, the contests were scattered here and there—the hurdles close to one fringe of people, the broad jump clear across the field, the hammer in another corner, and the starts of the running races at various places.

We run such a programme off as briskly as possible. The English idea is to make an afternoon of it, and supply a full five shillings' worth of entertainment by the clock. The tedious hammer throw and the jumps, which are contested coincident with the running races on American fields, had each its own place in the programme, one following another with solemn deliberation. This may be partly because the American mind and eye work quicker, while two events at a time would put kinks in the British intellect.

It has been proved that at long-distance running English athletes hold the palm, while the hammer, the hurdles, and the sprint are likely to fall to the American teams. The half, the mile, and the two-mile events therefore balance the schedule, so that, in a programme of nine contests, six can be fairly well forecasted. The broad and the high jump and the quarter-mile struggles usually swing the tide of victory, and this meeting



DIVES OF HARVARD

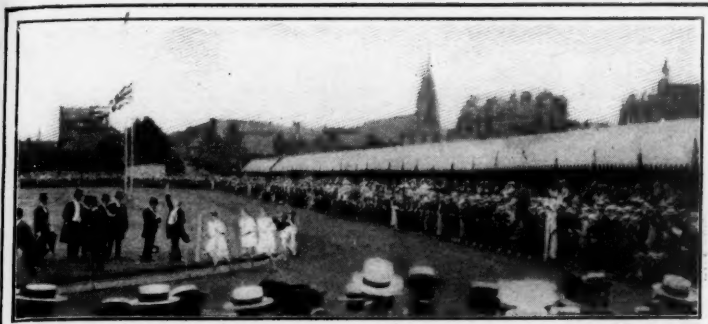
Winner of the quarter-mile run, the greatest contest of the meeting, in 49 4-5 seconds

had an easy thing of it." This little snarl of the hard loser overlooked the fact that Oxford and Cambridge sent the challenge, nor would they have sent it unless their team was believed to be exceptionally strong. Indeed, it figured on paper as fully the match of the Americans, without considering any advantage of home climate and grounds.

### British and American Ideas of Hospitality

And with all the talk one hears about making sporting competition more or less of a lark, what diversion and good times the Yale-Harvard men had during their training season here were in no manner to be credited to any hospitality offered by their English rivals. Customs differ with countries, and by this time our college teams in England have learned that ideas of courtesies expected do not agree with the standards taken as a matter of course when Oxford and Cambridge visit New York to meet Yale and Harvard in friendly competition. When the American team landed at Liverpool, not a solitary Englishman was there to meet them, they made the long and broken journey to





The first lap of the mile-run, won in 4 minutes and 21.5 seconds by Gregson of Cambridge

confirmed this previously observed grouping of chances. It was evident that to win the meeting, in which only first places were counted, the Americans must take two of these three disputed events, and their sweeping victory was earned by their superiority in all three, both jumps and the quarter-mile. The English explanation of the fact that, as a rule, three or four events only are doubtful, is that their athletes excel in stamina and bulldog grit, whereas they are better stayers at all distances from a half-mile up, while the Americans excel in nervous energy and attention to detail in events requiring arduous practice, whereas they win the sprints, the hurdles, and the hammer, and are usually more finished jumpers.

There are exceptions to every rule, and the only American to show any bad effects of the voyage and climate would have come dangerously close to filling one of these exceptions had he been up to his best form. This was Parsons, the Yale half-miler, a phenomenal runner, who, although in his freshman year, equaled the Intercollegiate record at Philadelphia, and beat it in an indoor meet last winter. He has covered the distance in one minute and fifty-four seconds, yet on Saturday he was outclassed and labored home far in the rear. The time of the winner, Holding of Oxford, was one minute fifty-six and one-fifth seconds, showing conclusively that Parsons was far below his normal condition. Otherwise he could have given the English pair, Holding and Cornwallis, a terrific race, with an even chance of scoring another event for his colors. "Mike" Murphy has held that the English climate takes the edge off the speed of runners above quarter-mile distances. The case of Parsons seemed to confirm it. In the mile, also, Hill and Olcott were not as fast as at home. That they knew in advance defeat was certain for their event may have had much to do with their poor showing.

#### The Americans Outdo Themselves

By way of compensation, most of the American victors equaled or surpassed their showing in the United States. Such a sprinter as Schick has not been seen on English grassy grounds in many years, and he had Barclay at his mercy from the crack of the pistol. The slowest of three timing watches gave him nine and four-fifths seconds, and it is probable that he flashed over this hundred yards closer to nine and three-fifths. It will go down in sporting history as one of the greatest sprinting feats ever achieved on an English track. Such was the inspiring opening of the programme. Lest English hopes should be too soon dampened, the mile run was next contested, in which Gregson of Cambridge had things all his own way from start to finish. In average years the American milers would have been good enough to make a thrilling fight of it, but Gregson is one of the fastest men at the distance ever trained at the universities, and last spring came within a fifth of a second of the Oxford-Cambridge record.

The first glimmer of American hope came with the high jump. Victor of Yale was good for six feet with favoring conditions, but his comrade, Murphy of Harvard, had been compelled to withdraw because of illness, and single-handed the Yale jumper was pitted against Leader and Doorley, both of Cambridge. It was one of Victor's great days; his leaping was faultless, full of dash and confidence. Up, up, went the bar, until at five feet ten and a fraction both Englishmen failed to clear it, and sat disconsolate on the turf, while Victor sailed like a bird over six feet and an eighth of an inch. The first doubtful event was clinched, the British ensign fluttered down from the pole in mid-field, and the Stars and Stripes snapped defiantly at the masthead.

#### The American Cheer is Heard

In the American stand were half a hundred young collegians, mostly graduates of this year's vintage at Yale and Harvard. They had been told that our "college cheers" were considered bad form on the Queen's Club Grounds, that such harsh and barbaric outcries as had been chanted by the devoted followers of other American college teams on English fields shocked and puzzled their audiences. But the "Brek-ke-kek" and the "nine long rahs" of Harvard could not be held in leash. They volleyed from squads of young men in straw hats and serge who defied British convention concerning both top-hats and cheers.

The half-mile found this battalion silent, for it was a foregone conclusion as soon as Parsons faltered. The score was two events all, however, and now came the turning point, the quarter-mile. Winning this meant an American victory, copper-fastened, inevitable, because the hammer and the hurdles were yet to come, and only five events were needed to win the day. In this quarter-mile flight were three men able to shave

under fifty seconds—Dives of Harvard, Long of Yale, and Barclay of Cambridge. The crack "light blue" feared Long and meant to watch his every stride. It was the race of a lifetime and the critical episode of the meet. This trio turned around two turns of the track, neck and neck, then England showed to the front in the stretch, but only for a twinkling. Dives unexpectedly slipped out of a pocket by the rail, and while the thousands hung breathless on the issue between Barclay and Long, the Harvard crack forged to the front with magnificent courage in a desperate plight, and lunged across the tape, the winner by a scant two feet.

#### Wonderfully Fast Time

All that followed was an anti-climax to this race. The time, forty-nine and four-fifths seconds, is faster than any Oxford athlete ever ran, and only three-tenths of a second slower than the best performance on record at Cambridge. It was the finest feature of the meeting. Thereafter it was only to watch America win three events out of four remaining. Clapp and Bird over the high hurdles and Shevlin with the hammer showed what intelligent effort and careful training can do in features of athletic endeavor rather neglected by Englishmen. In the hammer throw especially, the efforts of the two Englishmen were crude and ludicrous, their best exertion landing forty feet behind the winning toss of Shevlin, while Glass was twenty feet ahead of poor Spicer of Cambridge.

One London newspaper made this comment:

"After the thrilling anxiety of the quarter-mile, the hammer came as a relief. There was no question about the result in any of the four rather tedious rounds, and the only interest aroused was provided by a speculation as to the number of the crowd near the entrance who would survive if Shevlin let go his hammer at the wrong moment, and bombarded the spectators with the cannon-ball at the end of its twisted strands of steel. He makes three turns in the seven-foot circle instead of the usual two, and this extra turn must inevitably lend a pleasant uncertainty to the direction of his throw. Our English crowd, however, slightly depressed already, were quite ignorant of any special danger, and saw with an indifference greater than it deserved the first throw, in which the Yale giant footballer registered 152 feet 8 inches."

The broad jump was only an added gift to grace a victory already won. Sheffield of Yale, although his rival had beaten his winning jump in their recent practice, was the more consistent in a tight place, and easily defeated both Teall and Le Blanc-Smith, as did also Ayres of Harvard. The Englishmen were here outclassed, to their great surprise, in what had been considered one of the dubious events. The two-mile run ended the day, and it was, of course, a common canter for England. This was, indeed, a depressing finish for the British Lion, to win a useless race, after the cheering was done and the victory won.

#### British Comment

The following comment from an English report admirably mirrors the spirit of the crowds:

"Amid a burst of triumphant cheering, the waving of miniature Stars and Stripes, and the ear-splitting 'rock-rock-rock-Harvard' college cry, the cream of America's collegian athletes beat the best that our great universities, Oxford and Cambridge, now hold. Queen's Club has always been a resort of rank and fashion, but never more so than yesterday. The meeting was more in the nature of a society function, organized as a reception to our American visitors, than a purely competitive one. All through, the subdued air associated with a well-bred crowd marked its conduct. At no time can enthusiasm be said to have reached boiling pitch; at any rate, never on the part of the English spectators. They may not have had exceptional cause for shouting; still, not even when the occasional Oxford or Cambridge success came along did the air resound, nor was its neutrality tinged with the coloring that marked a Yale or Harvard victory. The Americans always colored the picture, the more staid Britishers did not."

After the games, the Englishmen showed themselves jolly good fellows in every way, and their previous reserve or aloofness was quite thawed. A dinner at the Trocadero restaurant, at which victors and vanquished met as comrades, and trips to Oxford and Cambridge, "personally conducted" by the athletes of these universities, ended the visit in a cordial renewal of cousinly ties between these transatlantic friends and rivals. The Americans laid any previous lack of warmth to the "way they have over here," and left England with the best of feeling toward their plucky foemen of the Queen's Club Grounds.

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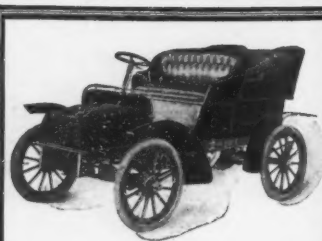


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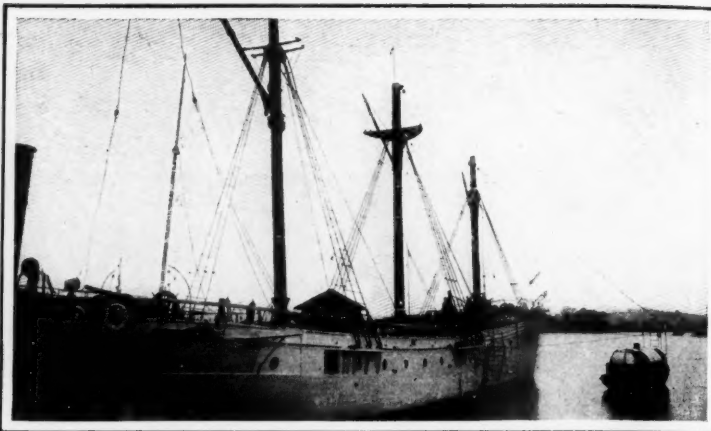


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U. S. S. "CHASE," THE TRAINING SHIP OF THE REVENUE SERVICE

## Cadets of the Revenue Service

By CHARLES A. FOSS

FOUR years ago the United States Treasury Department leased twenty-five acres on the shore of Arundel Cove, Curtis Bay, a few miles from the city of Baltimore. Trim gravel walks, a parade ground and a score of buildings constitute the depot of the United States Revenue Cutter service and the training school for cadets who desire to enter that arm of the navy. Here also the bark *Chase*, the ship on which the cadets cruise for three months in the summer, is anchored for the remainder of the year, and on board of her live the twenty-eight young men whom the Treasury Department has selected from all parts of the country, and the six officers into whose hands is committed their education and training, until they are ready to take the pleasant and lucrative places offered to them in Uncle Sam's naval police system.

It is twenty-six years since the practice ship *Chase* was built. In that time seventy-three men have graduated from the ship and are now in active service as officers. Captain Worth C. Ross, at present commanding officer of the Revenue Cutter *Onondaga*, stationed at Philadelphia, shares with Captain O. D. Myric, who is now in Boston on the waiting list, the distinction of being the oldest graduate in active service. His class was that of 1879, and next to him comes Captain W. E. Reynolds, class of 1880, who is now the officer in command of the *Chase* and in charge of the training school.

### Not Naval Cadets

Those who know anything at all about the *Chase* usually suppose that the young men who serve on her are connected with the Annapolis Naval Academy, and that the summer cruise of the vessel is made for the purpose of giving the cadets at the latter institution an opportunity for practical training in seamanship. As a matter of fact, there is nothing in common between the Revenue Cutter school and the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

The cadets at the Revenue Cutter school are required to pass a stiff civil service entrance examination, which is held once a year in such cities as possess a civil service commission. This examination would present an almost impassable barrier to the graduate of the average high-school, for besides examination in the rudiments the candidates must present successful papers in advanced mathematics, and one modern language—either French, German, or Spanish. Great stress is also laid upon knowledge of the Constitution, and upon the history of the United States, as well as upon grammar, rhetoric, and English literature. It may be added here that some of the successful candidates for cadetship have had experience in the merchant marine, and this is duly credited to them in the seamanship course.

Once the candidate has successfully passed the civil service examination and the physical test, and has been appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury from the eligible list, he finds himself confronted by a three years' course of study which is really a modification of the four years' course at the Naval Academy. It comprises a complete line of mathematics, constitutional law, international law, physics, and electricity, hygiene, a course in navigation, including computation and magnetism of the compass;

marine survey, astronomy, seamanship, ship-building, naval architecture, steam engineering, mechanical drawing, electricity, gunnery, and military drill. Captain Reynolds is now making efforts to have added to this curriculum a course in Spanish. Inasmuch as revenue cutters are constantly putting into the depot for repairs, the cadets are enabled to supplement their theoretical studies in ship-building and naval architecture with practical illustrations.

### The Making of an Officer

Life on board the *Chase* for these young men, most of whom come from inland cities and are veritable "landlubbers" when they enter upon their novitiate, is usually a remarkable transition from the things to which they have been accustomed. To begin with, they are put into a uniform almost identical with that worn by the Annapolis cadets, and from that moment they are never allowed to forget that the cloth which they wear is significant of all that is patriotic, obedient, brave, honest, courageous, intelligent, and gentlemanly. Aside from the technical education upon which they enter, there is also quietly begun for them a most rigid course in gentility, ethics, and morals, designed to "straighten out" the hundred and one little defects in bearing, manners, speech, and conduct found to a greater or less degree in most of the young fellows who come to the school for the first time. To this end there are minute rules and regulations, of course, but more potent by far than these is expected to be the influence of the daily and hourly contact with the officers and instructors with whom, by reason of their close quarters on board the *Chase*, the cadets are thrown into intimate contact. The two offences for which the highest number of demerit marks can be charged against a cadet are falsehood and intoxication.

The cramped quarters on board the *Chase* necessitate the occupancy of each room by two cadets. The rooms are barely large enough to turn around in, and in each there is an upper and a lower berth. The occupants of a room alternately tidy it up every morning for a week, and when this work is done it is expected to be the pink of cleanliness and neatness. A visitor on a recent visit to the boat saw a cadet overwhelmed with confusion because the executive officer, in drawing his glove over the surface of a water ewer, exhibited to the cadet occupant a streak of dust on the immaculate kid.

### The Photograph Habit

There is also a rule which prohibits the cadets from posting any pictures in the stateroom, and in their own quarters they are allowed to post pictures only of their friends or of places. Most of the lads accumulate quite a collection of photographs of this nature, and, owing to the limited wall space in their cramped rooms, it is a common sight to see a score or more of these treasures carefully arranged on their cots during the day, to be indiscriminately piled away when it comes time for the cadet to turn in.

The daily routine of the cadets begins when they are awakened at 6:30 A.M. They are allowed thirty minutes in which to dress, after which they go out on deck for physical



REVENUE CADETS AT ARTILLERY DRILL AT CURTIS BAY



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CORRESPONDENCE teaching is the most effective means of extending the benefits of our great colleges and technical schools to that large class of aspiring persons who are beyond the range of regular college influence, who yet have a few leisure hours which they would gladly devote to home study under the direction of resident school instructors. Those people who are unable to afford a course at a resident school constitute a vast army of intelligent, ambitious young men to whom a thorough training in some particular branch of industry would mean sure and rapid advancement. It would mean even more than that—namely, self-respect, mastery and a finer, stronger manhood. It was to extend to these classes some of the benefits of our great colleges and technical schools that the American School of Correspondence was founded.

Intelligent people today believe in the common-sense plan of spending a portion of their spare time in self improvement. If a man does not study he remains stationary or in a rut, and gradually grows to be a mere machine, to be soon thrown aside for a new and up-to-date type.

**Resident School Teachers**  
The American School of Correspondence at Armour Institute of Technology is the first correspondence school in this country to provide correspondence instruction for wage-earners in engineering practice which counts towards entrance upon higher resident instruction. American school students are taught under the supervision of the professors who preside over the laboratories and teach the classes of Armour Institute of Technology. Thus through our instructors, the extensive shops, laboratories and libraries of a great technical school offer their help and guidance to ambitious students in every part of the world.

Teaching by correspondence is a method of imparting knowledge by means of written instead of oral instruction, and is especially adapted to persons whose time for study is necessarily limited and irregular. The correspondence student is free to select whatever course of study is best adapted to his particular needs; he is in a class by himself, and is not compelled to suit his hours for study to those of other students. If he is especially apt or has already covered part of the work, he is not held back by certain members of a class who are slower. On the other hand, if he has not had the advantages of such preliminary education he will not become discouraged in vainly trying to keep up with a class whose members have had better training than he. The correspondence student naturally becomes self-reliant and develops into the type of man who knows, and knows that he knows and can prove it, for he has learned it himself, taking time to thoroughly master every point. Experience has shown that correspondence students are particularly diligent and earnest in their work. This is so because they are as a class, more mature and have learned by experience to take a more serious view of life's struggle. If some of them have had practically no education to begin with, they need not be discouraged, for in any case they always start at the bottom, with the most elementary principles. Any man who has perseverance and a thirst for knowledge can overcome the lack of early education.

**Student in Class by Himself**  
Lessons Suited to Needs of Students

**Lack of Education No Hinderance**  
It is believed that the American School of Correspondence meets a long-felt need on the part of ambitious mechanics, clerks, apprentices, teachers, farmers, students and business men for an opportunity of studying at home some branch of applied science under the guidance of teachers of a resident school of acknowledged standing. No entrance examination is required, nor is there any age limit. Applicants, however, must be able to read and write English and should be able to devote at least three hours per week to their studies.

**Requirements For Admission**  
Upon enrolling, the student is furnished his first four Instruction Papers, together with full instructions how to begin work. The first Instruction Paper is taken up and read very carefully until each point is thoroughly mastered. The student then sends in an examination on that book to the School. This examination is carefully corrected, criticised and graded by the instructor. Corrections are made as to errors in facts, figures, punctuation, capitalization and grammar. Explanations and suggestions are made by the instructor. The student, in the meantime, is working on his next lesson paper.

**How Correspondence Work is Conducted**  
Should the student meet with difficulty in his studies, he is expected to fill out an Inquiry Blank, furnished him by the School, which is mailed to the Instruction Department, receiving in reply a complete "Blackboard" explanation. The Instruction Papers have been prepared especially for correspondence work by engineers and teachers of acknowledged standing, who, through long practical experience and training, are in a position to know the needs of correspondence students. The papers are frequently revised to keep them up-to-date in the best and latest engineering practice. Each subject is taken up from the beginning and thorough explanations are given in a clear and concise manner as the student progresses. They average about eighty pages each, are neatly bound and form a valuable reference work for the student after the completion of his course. This department aids students and graduates in securing positions for which their training has fitted them. It also co-operates with employers, furnishing reliable, well-trained men. The School continually receives requests from manufacturers and engineering firms in all parts of the country for well trained men from among its students and graduates, and the number of these requests exceeds the School's list of available graduates and advanced students. The School keeps in touch with manufacturing interests everywhere, and is thus able to lay out courses adapted to the student's needs. The School will always, upon request, advise any employer of the progress and education capabilities of a student, or render any service to its students within its power.

**What a Scholarship Includes**  
The tuition entitles the student to instruction until his course is completed. All text books and supplies are furnished free except drawing instruments and blank paper. The School pays postage on all letters and supplies sent by mail to the students.

Free use of Special Inquiry Department for consultation on all difficult mechanical problems.  
Free use of Employment Department.  
Free use of Patent Department.  
Benefit of School's discount on all technical books, publications, instruments, supplies, etc.

**It Costs Only \$5 To Begin**  
Below is a full list of the courses with the cost of each. By the payment of \$5.00 down, and an equal amount each month as you progress, you can secure an education from which you will derive benefit in increased pay, pleasanter work and shorter hours. Cut out the coupon below, fill it out, and your first lessons will be sent to you. You are not obliged to take the full course if you do not see that it is to your interest to continue. If you wish more particulars and details as to the instructions, list of instructors, references, etc.,—simply fill out the coupon with your name and address, age, occupation, course in which you are interested,—and mail it to us.

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Our Special Offer Means These Especially Low Fees Payable Monthly

Electrical Engineering.....	\$65.00	Railroad Engineering.....	\$75.00
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Electric Lighting.....	50.00	Hydraulics.....	50.00
Electric Railways.....	50.00	Structural Drafting.....	50.00
Telephone Practice.....	50.00	Heating, Ventilation and Plumbing.....	50.00
Mechanical Engineering.....	65.00	Complete Architecture.....	75.00
Mechanical-Electrical Engineering.....	65.00	Architectural Engineering.....	55.00
Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting.....	55.00	Contractors' and Builders'.....	50.00
Shop Practice.....	50.00	Cotton Course.....	50.00
Stationary Engineering.....	60.00	Woolen and Worsted Goods.....	50.00
Marine Engineering.....	50.00	Knit Goods.....	50.00
Locomotive Engineering.....	50.00	Mechanical Drawing.....	50.00
Structural Engineering.....	75.00	Complete Mathematical.....	50.00
Municipal Engineering.....	75.00		

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**Instruction Papers**  
The tuition entitles the student to instruction until his course is completed. All text books and supplies are furnished free except drawing instruments and blank paper. The School pays postage on all letters and supplies sent by mail to the students.

**Employment Department**  
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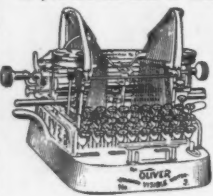
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exercise. This may take the form of rowing or any other exercise which the instructor may deem expedient and beneficial. After the exercise is over they return to their rooms, make up their beds, "tidy up" and await the visit of the inspecting officer. They then shift into the uniform of the day and go to breakfast. At the mess table the same punctilious regard is paid to etiquette that is required at other times and places. They proceed to the tables in military formation, and remain standing until the officer of the day gives the order "Seats." They remain seated until the same officer gives the command to rise. Each table is presided over by a senior cadet who is required to report any misconduct or breach of decorum.

### The Daily Routine

At nine o'clock the cadets meet in the buildings on shore for recitations, which last until ten o'clock, when they study until eleven and then recite again until dinner at one o'clock. From two until three o'clock is their hour for recreation on the grounds. Although the Treasury Department will not allow the boys to play football, they may indulge in baseball, and in this sport they have a very good team.

The hour from three until four is devoted to military drill. This may include infantry tactics, practice with the artillery or with cutlasses, foils, and pistols. From four until five is again devoted to study, and then comes another hour of relaxation until they are called to supper at five o'clock. This meal lasts until six o'clock, after which comes an hour's leisure on deck until seven o'clock, then two hours more of study, an hour's "skylarking" in the steerage, and finally the call to bed at ten o'clock.

The boys are allowed shore leave on Saturdays and Sundays. The same rules and restrictions that govern their conduct on board the ship, and on the training grounds, apply when they are away from the depot, and any offence against these is punished by the same penalties. The cadets may never take shore leave dressed in civilian clothes, and, indeed, they are not even allowed to bring civilian clothes with them on board the ship.

The lack of social features, in such marked contrast to the brilliant functions which take place at the Annapolis Naval Academy, and introduce the cadets there to the ameliorating charms and influences of the fair sex, is not wholly approved by Captain Reynolds, who has taken steps to introduce into the curriculum—probably under the specious head of physical exercise—a course of instruction in dancing, for which a fine hall, recently completed on the grounds, will afford excellent opportunity. Captain Reynolds remarked to a visitor recently that his experiment might be fraught with dangerous consequences to some of the cadets, since one of the rules of the service declares that "the marriage of a cadet shall be considered as equivalent to his resignation."

### Attractions of the Service

In point of pay, the Revenue Cutter service ought to be especially attractive. The cadets receive a yearly allowance of \$500 while they are pursuing their studies. Out of this they must furnish their mess and purchase their uniforms. They must also deposit with the commanding officer of the school the sum of \$10 a month during their three years' course. This is intended to make provision for their uniforms when they enter upon their duties as officers in the service. The outfit costs them about \$350. A third lieutenant in the Revenue Cutter service receives \$1,200 a year, a second lieutenant \$1,500, a first lieutenant \$1,800, and a captain \$2,400. In addition to this there is added to every officer's pay ten per cent for each five years he has been in service, until the amount equals forty per cent. The age at which a young man may be received as a cadet in the Revenue Cutter service must be between eighteen and twenty-five inclusive. Congress will be asked at this coming session to grant an appropriation for a new training ship for the cadets. The *Chase* is still a substantial, handsome vessel, but her accommodations are now inadequate and her equipment is not up to date.

The importance which the Revenue Cutter service is assuming is shown in the part which it played in the war with Spain, when its ships were turned over to the Navy Department and saw active service in all of the important engagements at sea. It was the Revenue Cutter *McCulloch*, it will be remembered, which was present at the battle of Manila, and carried the news of Dewey's victory to Hong Kong. Lieutenant W. W. Joyner, now the executive officer of the *Chase*, was navigating officer of the *McCulloch* at that time. With the prospect of a large increase in the number of officers in the navy it is likely that the Revenue Cutter service will also be enlarged, and wide opportunities lie before the training school at Annapolis.

### A Pleasant Career

The advertisement which the navy has always received among the people at large by reason of its more spectacular character and the splendid institution at Annapolis has served continually to create a desire among young men to become officers in that service far in excess of the positions which the navy has to offer. The Revenue Cutter service, on the other hand, being but little known,

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is the best. The grocers know it. Insist on having Burnett's. It is for your food. Pure and wholesome.—Adt.

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without cream are not appetizing, but good raw cream is not always easy to get. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream with a delicious flavor and richness. Use it for general cooking purposes. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., proprietors.—Adt.



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is what everyone hopes to have—some day. It is the most wonderful trip in the world. There are more than 3,000 square miles of weird, marvelous, unimaginable things that can be seen nowhere else, therefore if one ever sees them one must go to the Park, in the heart of the magnificent Rockies with snow tipped peaks all around. If Old Faithful Geyser, a Paint Pot, Mud Volcano, or Emerald Pool were to be found in Lincoln Park, Chicago; Central Park, New York; or Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; the people would flock to see it or them by tens of thousands. For a very small sum, comparatively, all these and hundreds more of nature's unduplicated marvels can be seen between June 1 and September 30 of each year, and one will enjoy, to boot, the best coaching trip in the country. The rates for 1904 are the lowest ever made.

The Northern Pacific folder on Yellowstone Park, just issued, is a new, right up to date, finely illustrated dissertation on this Yellowstone Park trip. It is not descriptive, but deals with the detailed, technical matters everyone needs to know about such a trip. It tells all about the hotels, the stage coaches, the roads, the cost of the tour; where the geysers, the waterfalls, the bears, the canyons are, and where the trout fishing is found. We have printed thousands of this beautiful leaflet and want everybody interested to have a copy, and it can be obtained by sending A. M. Cleland, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., two cents with proper address.

"Wonderland 1904" which is a very fine pamphlet of 116 pages, descriptive of the Northwest, including the Park, will be sent for six cents.

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I put my name on every box of cigars I make, and I make in my own factory, right here in Philadelphia, every cigar I sell. It is my desire to give the highest commercial prestige to that name and to make it the synonym for a good cigar—and my cigars are good, better than most three-for-a-quarter and ten-cent cigars sold at retail.

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This is the most liberal offer I know how to make. I cannot please every taste—no man can—but I can and do make good cigars, make them honestly, use nothing but Havana tobacco in the filler, and genuine Sumatra wrapper, tell the facts about them and sell them at a lower margin of profit than anyone else I know of. Moreover, I am asking you to try them at no cost to yourself if you do not like them, and you are letting an opportunity pass every day you let go by without sending me an order, to find out for yourself whether you can get from me a better cigar than you are now smoking for less money.

Think a moment of the risk I take to make a customer, one-tenth of my cigars (all of them should some unworthy take advantage of me) as well as express charges both ways.

How can a smoker refuse to try them, where is the possible risk to him?—provided, of course, that \$5.00 per hundred is not a higher price than he cares to pay. Write me if you smoke.

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has really had to contend against apathy and ignorance on the part of young men toward entrance into its service. The cadets who are at present serving on board the *Chase*, confess that the navy was really their first choice, and their attention was called to the Revenue Cutter service only after they had been disappointed in their efforts to get into the Academy at Annapolis. Once on board the *Chase*, however, they seem delighted with the service and the pleasant prospects and opportunities which it holds out to them, and declare that they would not exchange it for the regular naval service.

The officers who assist Captain Reynolds in his conduct of the Revenue Cutter service training school, and in command of the *Chase*, are as follows: Lieutenant W. W. Joynes, executive officer; Lieutenant F. C. Ballard, navigator; Lieutenants Eugene Blake, Jr., P. H. Scott, and H. W. Pope, watch officer; Surgeon W. H. Stuck.

Besides its complement of commissioned officers and cadets, the *Chase* carries a crew of thirty-four, including petty officers and servants.

□ □

### THE SLEEPING CAR

By REYNALD SMITH PICKERING

DEAR father, won't you tell me

About a sleeping car?

I often wonder when they work

And what they really are.

Do such cars go to bed at night,

And are their slumbers deep?

It must be such a funny sight

To see a car asleep.

□ □

### WHY SHOULD WE TRUST THE REPUBLICAN PARTY?

(Continued from page 10)

party in its platform, and with the action of its great legislative bodies, the utterances of its newspaper press, and the expressed opinion of the living men of to-day. The Democrat rushes to the nearest cemetery, and, scraping off the moss from the old tombstones, harps upon the utterances of Jefferson and Madison, and never gets down this side of Calhoun or Jeff Davis.

Nor is this all. If an occasional Democrat breaks loose and scales the graveyard walls and wanders outside the home of the dead and begins to speak his real sentiments, four-fifths of his hearers and nine-tenths of his readers will hold up their hands in horror and protest against the exploitation of sentiments like those. A free-trade speech in Congress, while perhaps the honest sentiment of nine-tenths of the Democrats of the country, will be met with a protest so earnest, so bitter, and so determined that the speech usually finds itself relegated to the lumber-room of the Congressional Record.

Again, in trusting the Republican party this year, the people will trust that party with its ideas and policies already organized and promulgated. In trusting the Democratic party they will trust a party without ideas, without leaders, without policies, and must trust to good fortune, if the Democrats should be successful, that they will not wreck the country as they have done heretofore.

The people of the United States should trust the Republican party because of the soundness of its platform. Coupled with the declarations of its leaders, and joined with its past history, it can be relied upon confidently that the Republican party, if put into power, will maintain the policy of protection to American labor and capital. It can not do otherwise and be true to its history. No form of temptation can swerve it from this achievement. It will see to it that the gold standard, which was sought to be overthrown and forever made impossible by the Democratic party only four years ago, shall not only be maintained in its present strength, but shall be fortified more securely whenever necessity shall arise. It will see to it that in the fulfillment of its platform declarations there shall be fair play and honest dealing between great organizations of capital and great organizations of labor, that every man shall have a chance, and that the courts of the country, in the furtherance of the behests of a Republican statute, shall see to it that combinations shall not monopolize the profits of either labor or capital.

It can be relied upon that the Republican party, if again successful, will go straight forward in the discharge of its mighty duty to the people of the Philippine Islands, that it will bestow the blessings of free and inde-

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P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1904

# Columbia

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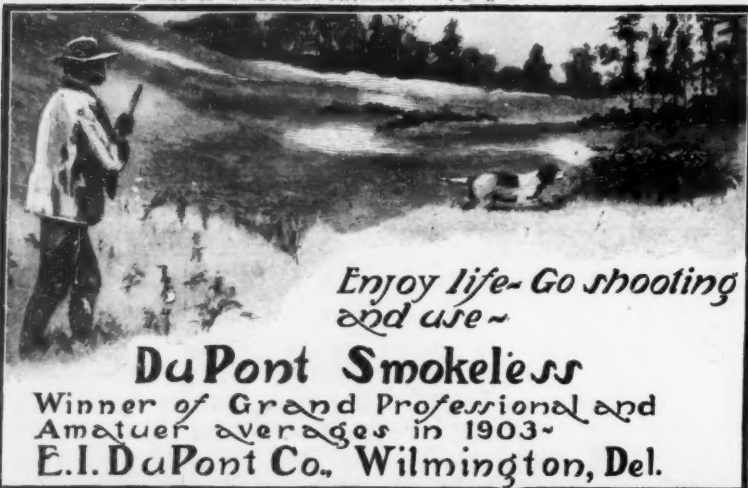
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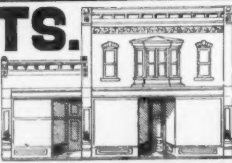
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pendent government upon the cities and provinces of that region as rapidly as is consistent with the great duty which we have undertaken.

If a new lease of power is given to the Republican party, the people can rely upon it that in all our foreign relations the dignity and majesty and influence of the American Republic shall be upheld in the interest of the people abroad and the greater interest of the people at home.

Again, if the people will trust the Republican party, the United States will build the Panama Canal, and the dream of our people of a hundred years will be realized as rapidly as is possible to reach that result, and will provide American ships to carry our flag and commerce through that waterway.

And finally the people of the United States ought to trust the Republican party because they have nominated Roosevelt for President

and Fairbanks for Vice-President. There could not be a combination that would more fully and comprehensively cover and exhibit all the great characteristics of Americanism than this. Roosevelt, the man of action, the man of thought, the man of ideas, at the head, patriotic in all his purposes, integrity the very keynote of his character, activity the watchword of his every-day life, a true Republican, a brave American, a grand type of the pushing yet safe and reliable American. And Fairbanks, the calm, cool, deliberate, educated statesman, wise in counsel, efficient in action.

The American people can trust the Republican party. They can trust it with confidence, they can trust it with safety. The American people can not trust the Democratic party. They have no knowledge of its purposes. They have no confidence in its capacity to execute its purpose if it had one.



The Pablo Herd of Three Hundred Buffalo

## The Passing of the Buffalo

By SUMNER W. MATTESON

OF the few places left within the boundaries of the United States where there is still a chance to preserve and perpetuate the buffalo, the Flathead Indian Reservation in Northern Montana is perhaps the most practicable. It is often supposed that, with the exception of the animals in the Yellowstone National Park, and in various city parks about the country, there are practically no more buffalo in the United States. In the bad lands of the Flathead country, as a matter of fact, there is a herd of over three hundred running at large, which raised sixty calves last season and are in a perfectly healthy condition.

No wild animal can thrive in captivity with unnatural foods, as on its native heath with what nature has provided, and with but limited numbers it must sooner or later become extinct. One of the most successful game preserves in the country, established by the late William C. Whitney, on October Mountain, near Lenox, Massachusetts, has been discontinued, and its herd of thirty-eight buffalo disposed of. Twenty-six were presented to the New York Zoological Society, and these, with the two bulls "Cleveland" and "Mc-

Allard. Ten years later a World's Fair promoter began negotiations ostensibly for the exhibition of the herd at Chicago, but in reality to ward off the possibility of a competitor while he was exhibiting the "Buffalo Jones" herd from Nebraska. The final outcome was that neither herd was exhibited, and in 1899 the Jones herd of forty was added to that of Pablo and Allard in Montana.

In 1896 Allard died and willed his half interest as follows: One-sixth to his wife, a full-blood Indian; one-eighth to each of two sons by his first Indian wife, and one-twelfth to each of two young girls by his surviving widow. No round-up was made until 1898, when there were found to be three hundred and twenty all told. The boys soon disposed of their shares. Mrs. Allard married another white man and sold her fifty-four to Charles Conrad, and they are now doing well in a large inclosure north of Kalispell. The three daughters retained their interest until last spring, when their twenty-seven had increased to sixty-five, and were then sold to a man of the name of Eaton, at \$225 each, on the range. The boys soon squandered their returns, while the young girls, who are attending school at



Buffalo Cow and Calf

Missoula, now have over \$25,000 on deposit in the bank. During the summer months they spend most of their time riding horses about the Reservation. Mr. Eaton delivered twenty from his last purchase to the National Park at \$500 each, and he still has a few running with the Pablo herd, which in itself now numbers over three hundred.

Not long ago Pablo invited an old Blackfoot chief to come over the range to visit with him and

renew his youth by a sight of the herd. The chief was glad to accept the invitation, and brought his paint and feathers with him that he might do honor to his host in full regiments. He remained full ten days, never tiring of the thirty-mile ride to and from the herd, and just before returning he came to Pablo to know if he would grant him one last request. He wanted to gather from the plains a sackful of dry dung and take it back to his people that they might once more see the "sign of the buffalo." The request was, of course, granted.

Pablo himself is growing old, and knows that the time is not far distant when 1,400 allotments of lands will be made to those of their 1,720 people who are eligible to settle on the Reservation. Allowing eighty acres to each father and mother of at least half Indian blood, and forty to sixty to each child, Pablo's present holdings would be considerably reduced and the range would be thrown open to the white man for settlement or rental.

What will become of the buffalo in such an event? Whether they will be purchased by the Government or sold to private speculators remains to be seen.



An Old Buffalo Cow and her Three Years' Offspring



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## NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The use of Portland cement is increasing greatly, especially for foundation work

THE production of what is known as Portland cement is becoming one of the great American industries. Its uses are tending to increase in variety. In Europe concrete railroad sleepers have been tried with success. In the more recent ones a strengthening frame of iron is imbedded within the concrete. Concrete is in general terms a mortar made with cement instead of lime. The railroad sleepers do not support the rails directly; wooden blocks are placed between the rail and sleeper to suppress the jarring. In Washington, D. C., concrete piling has been used in the construction of new barracks. The ground was alternately wet and dry, so that wooden piles would not be durable. If the ground is compact a steel or iron tube with a steel point is driven down to the requisite depth and is withdrawn, and the hole is filled with concrete rammed down. In less consistent soil the tube is provided with a pointed end made of concrete. After driving the tube down to its place, concrete is poured into it little by little, with constant ramming, and the tube is withdrawn as fast as the concrete is in place. In water a thin iron jacket surrounds the tube and is clamped to it. This jacket descends with it. Its lower edge sooner or later reaches impervious soil, when it is unclamped. The inner tube is now driven down to the required depth, and concrete is introduced as described. The thin metal jacket excludes water and is left in place filled with the hard-rammed stone-like concrete.

Various methods to prevent big steamships from rolling at sea are under discussion

THE details of the new turbine-driven Cunarders are not yet settled, but some of the approximate data have been given out. It is decided that to obtain the desired speed of about 25 knots, which is nearly 30 land miles an hour, the ships must be about 760 feet long and have 70,000 horsepower in the engines. This horsepower, it is now thought, will be transmitted by four separate shafts to four screws. Much less saving in weight than had been anticipated will result from the use of turbines. Coincidentally with the discussion of the size and type of these ships, the steadying of ships at sea and preventing their rolling has been the subject of papers and discussions in England. One investigator read a paper advocating the use of a horizontal wheel within the hold of the ship. This wheel is to be rotated at high speed by an electric motor, and would restrict greatly the rolling of a ship by its gyroscopic action. It is this action that maintains a spinning top upright on its peg or point. For a 5,000-ton ship it was calculated that a 10-ton wheel, 15 feet in diameter, would suffice. The often-cited observation was recalled to the effect that the old side-wheel ships rolled less than do the modern propellers. It was claimed that the gyroscopic action of the paddle-wheels acted to restrain the more violent rolling of the ship. The axes of the turbines in the Cunarders will not be rightly placed for their tremendous gyroscopic action to affect the ship's rolling. Bilge keels were the subject of another paper and discussion, and the ground was taken that sometimes they were of but little benefit in the prevention of rolling.

The self-purification of the river Thames from the bacteria of the London sewage

A REPORT has appeared of an investigation carried on last year to determine the fate of the immense numbers of bacteria daily added to the river Thames and the Thames estuary in the sewage from the city of London. The sewage is divided into two parts by sedimentation, the sludge and the sewage effluent. The sludge, or sediment, is carried by steamers to the Thames estuary and dumped into the water, the effluent flows into the Thames River. The bacteria in the effluent average 7,442,857 per cubic centimetre (about one-sixteenth of a cubic inch) and consist to a notable degree of the intestinal organisms. Twenty-seven miles down the river the bacteria commonly found in the intestine have disappeared, and thirty-nine miles from the point where the sewage effluent enters the river the content of bacteria is only 145 per cubic centimetre, a number as low as that in any good river water.

The sludge, which is carried on steamers to the estuary and there dumped into the water, contains on an average 129,583,333 bacteria per cubic centimetre. The water in the estuary soon after the unloading of the fleet of sludge steamers contained 1,940 organisms per cubic centimetre, whereas a week later the number had fallen to 458. The sea water as such exerts no harmful influence on the sewage bacteria, the purification being due, as in the case of the river purification, to the death and dispersion of the organisms. Twenty-five miles out to sea the water contained an average of only 287 bacteria in each cubic centimetre, and none of these was of the intestinal form. From this new contribution to our knowledge of sewage disposal, we see fresh evidence of the self-purification of waters even when the sewage of great cities like London and New York is thrown into them.

# California



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